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BOTH SIDES THE BORDER.

BY

OSWALD JACKSON


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BOTH SIDES THE BORDER

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

BOTH SIDES THE BORDER

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO;

OR,

GLIMPSES OF RELIGIOUS LIFE

IN THE LAST CENTURY.

BY

OSWALD JACKSON.

Man without religion is the creature of circumstances; religion is above all circumstances, and will lift him up above them.

GUESSES AT TRUTH.

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TO

MY MOTHER,

WHOSE EARNEST FAITH AND GENTLE CHARITY

WERE THE GUIDING LIGHT OF

MY BOYHOOD,

AND WHOSE CALM AND HOLY DEMEANOUR

IS THE STRENGTH AND JOY OF

MY MANHOOD,

I DEDICATE THESE PAGES WITH

GRATEFUL AND REVERENT AFFECTION.

Ringwood, New Forest,
Sept. 24th, 1858.

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INTRODUCTION.

"What is the history of the world without Christ?"—JOHN VON MULLER.

"When the great tomb of time is broken open, our theological lamps will go out; but Christ, the personal, living, redeeming Christ, will shine for ever and ever. Let our testimony be to the clear gospel revelation of Him."—THE PEN, THE PALM, AND THE PULPIT.

HEN the writer was a boy, his mother put into his hands two old books which she had reserved among her most sacred treasures; and, as he seemed to show some interest in them, she promised that at some future day they should be his own. Since that time, boyhood and youth have passed away, and the writer has the old books still. He has often read them, and for many years has wished to reproduce them in some form adapted to the tastes of the present day, and, above all, fitted to be useful. One of the said books is a thin duodecimo of six-and-thirty pages, large print, and is entitled '*Faith Triumphant,*' containing the record of the ecstatic death of a minister's wife, by her bereaved husband. It was printed in 1773, being the fourth edition. So remarkably 'triumphant' was the dying 'faith' of this good lady, and so many precious things did she utter on her dying bed, that the writer has long felt that the little work was one of

those which her posterity ought 'not willingly to let die.' Such, therefore, has been our motive for republishing it in this volume of family memorials.

On reading of the triumphant departure of this lady, the writer found that her conversion was mainly owing, under God, to the perusal of another book very popular and very useful during the last century. This book was '*Mrs. Housman's Diary.*' The writer became anxious to know who this Mrs. Housman was, and what she had written so impressive and so useful. The other old book, preserved by his mother, furnished the answer to his inquiries; for it was the 'Diary' itself, and the writer believes the veritable copy perused with so much advantage by his ancestor. It has been read with much interest, and some of its choicest passages will appear in the subsequent pages.

Having gathered a few scanty facts respecting the early history of the pastor's wife, they will be presented in their place, the object of the writer being, however, to draw as life-like a picture of those times and of the men of renown who then lived and laboured, as his limited materials will allow.

Having succeeded so far, it is thought that it may add to the interest, and, in some sort, to the completeness of this series of pictures of religious life in the last century, if a few facts and reflections be furnished on the early life and times of the worthy pastor himself, who thought it right to embalm the memory of his sainted wife, and to record her 'Faith

Triumphant.' This will accordingly be done—the object being chiefly to bring into prominence that remarkable and most blessed movement which characterised the religious history of the last century, and into which so many of the earnest men of that day were most happily drawn.

These sketches make no pretensions to originality or literary finish. Their aim is simple. A few scanty materials respecting the piety of 'our fathers' are taken, and are made the occasion, and as far as they serve, the materials, for a picture of the piety of their times. Our wish has been to reproduce the most earnest spirit of the religious life of the middle of the last century. Not that we sigh for the restoration of the exact forms in which that earnest spirit then clothed itself. But we do desire to co-operate with all zealous souls who are seeking to infuse more earnestness into the religious life of this age. 'And one method of securing this end, or, at least, of urging it as an attainable end upon public attention, is by frequently recurring to the contemplation of the earnest periods of the past. It is vain indeed to seek to restore these in their entireness. It is vain to attempt to confine the wheels of this age's tendencies—wheels instinct with spirit, burning with fervid fury, and full of eyes—to any point fixed in any period of the past.' We know there are those who still sigh for that period of religious excitement in its exactest shape to come round, 'as if any combination of circumstances could

restore its like; and as if there were not waiting for us in the future more glorious moral and spiritual gala-days,' to which that of Whitefield and Wesley and all other earnest souls since Pentecost, 'were but a lowering and cloudy morn.'

But mere earnestness is not enough; for 'earnestness or enthusiasm without solid truth is but foam cut off from the water—brilliant, short-lived, and, on the whole, false.' Our aim, therefore, will be to lift into prominence that vital truth, which alone is worthy of earnestness, and which seeks earnestness as its most natural and most appropriate dress, and which alone gives to earnestness its true value. That truth will be found, we trust, not merely to 'crop out,' as the miners say, from our paragraphs, but rather to pervade them as electricity pervades the earth's strata, or gravitation the universe, and to vivify them as the principle of life the body. What that vital truth is will not long remain a problem to our readers.

The value of that vital truth, and the importance, at this crisis of the religious history of the nations, of an earnest and emphatic proclamation of that truth have been impressed on the writer by frequent pilgrimages in many lands. Nothing but the Gospel, proclaimed in all its simplicity, and urged with all the suitable accompaniments of reasoning and illustration, and with the convincing logic of a holy and consistent life, on the peoples of every land, can be a worthy substitute for, or a sufficient bulwark

against, the arrogant assumptions and insidious advances of the Papacy, the lax and wide-spreading principles of latitudinarianism, and the open, or more covert, machinations of infidelity and atheism.

Through want of that truth the Protestantism of France is but a name; and were there not earnest, faithful men in the other religious bodies there, the almost utter fruitlessness of its Reformed Church would be more apparent.

Through neglect of that truth, Germany, once the vanguard of the Reformation, has become but a synonyme for Popish superstition, or infidelity under a mystic, or philosophic garb.

Through denial of that truth, the pulpits of Calvin, Viret, and Farel, now echo the uncertain sounds of Rationalism; and were it not for the courageous efforts of a D'Aubigné, a Gaussen, a Malan, and others, the banner of evangelical truth would still be trailed in the dust.

That truth made the valleys of Piedmont, two hundred years ago, by the heroism of its 'martyred saints,' the 'glory of all lands,' so that the names of Luserna and Rora, Angrogna and La Tour, are still 'half-battles for the free.'

That truth is still filling Tuscany with prisoners, as it covers the Papacy with shame; so that the dungeons of the Balgello and Volterra are names almost as classic in the history of the Modern Church, as were those of Philippi and the Mamertine in the ancient.

The value of that truth is read in the inscriptions of the Roman Catacombs, as well as on the walls of the Inquisition.

The concealment of that truth, amid heaps of ceremonies and 'old wives' fables,' has rendered the Oriental Churches a 'name to live while dead;' so that, as you search for the Gospel in the grim dungeons of those 'whited sepulchres,' you can find no words so expressive of your sad disappointment as those of Mary to the supposed gardener on the morning of the resurrection, 'They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him.'

And the triumphs of that truth are read wherever the sufferings and death of our Lord Jesus have been proclaimed as a finished and free atonement. Read the history of the greatest revivals, of the most vigorous and blessed movements on the souls of a community in any age, and you find this has been the lever, this the instrumental cause, this the very core. It was so in apostolic times, when they sang exultingly of "triumph in every place." It was so at the Reformation, when Luther shook the Vatican, and rescued thousands of souls. It was so with Wesley in England, who, whatever were his views on other subjects, did not fail to give prominence to the doctrine of the atonement, and by God's blessing won so many souls to Christ. It was so with the Erskines, who, when they forgot the hay, stubble, and straw of minor differences, and made old Scot-

land ring with the music of the 'universal gift of life to sinners of mankind,' as they were pleased to call the essence of Gospel truth, were blessed abundantly by their heavenly Master, and gathered in a harvest of souls. It was so, more or less, with the preachers at Cambuslang, Kilsyth, Dundee, and a hundred other places, where multitudes have become obedient to the faith. It was so with Whitefield, who went flaming from city to city, and land to land, like the Apocalyptic angel, preaching the everlasting Gospel. It was so in Greenland, when, after fifteen years' reserve on the doctrine of Christ crucified, the redeeming love of God was at length proclaimed, and many souls were saved. It is so at our Missionary stations abroad, and in our towns and parishes at home, amid all the dust of controversy and the din of party strife, where good is doing, where success is being reaped, where souls are being gathered in, whoever be the party, and whatever their peculiarity of sentiment in minor matters, the success is found invariably where Christ is being preached, earnestly and faithfully, as the only and all-sufficient ground of a sinner's hope.

PART I.

THE PASTOR AND HIS TIMES.

"Ye that are lights and fathers in the ministry, whose very name is a power, whose tone decides that of many young evangelists, whose standard of faith and success regulates the practical expectations of many humble Christians,—O show us the way to victory, lead us to downright conquests over this cold and sinful world! * * * * If ye but leave behind you such traditions to be told, and told again, to children, and to children's children, your 'Tongue of Fire' will be multiplying itself in the homesteads of your people when your voice has long been silent, and the fruit of your labour will go on propagating itself until the trump of the Archangel sounds."—THE TONGUE OF FIRE.

CHAPTER I.

A Chapter Descriptive.

"The history of all great cities is, in some degree, linked with that of the district in which they are situated, and few capitals of Northern Europe can compete with Edinburgh, either in the imposing grandeur of its aspect, or in the romantic associations which cling to it."

THIS story of ancestral piety brings me into a land, which, if not 'flowing with milk and honey,' is as famed for the grandeur, variety, and beauty of its scenery, and as renowned for the valour of its warriors, the learning of its scholars, and the heroic faith of its martyrs, as perhaps any country under the sun.

> 'Land of brown heath and shaggy wood;
> Land of the mountain and the flood.'

Thou glorious land! with thy fairy nooks of beauty, desolate tracts of magnificence, bold black mountains, long-spreading straths, and lakes of surpassing stillness! The mingled hues of thine ancient glory still rest upon thee! Thou land of Scandinavian traditions, of primitive Christian memories and clear evangelic truth—with thy grim giant hills hiding their heads in clouds, and thy stern faith piercing the depths of the infinite! Land of clear streams

and pathetic melodies, of rolling clouds and warlike memories! Thou land of learning and liberty and poetry and faith!

What names are those I read on the roll-call of thy history?—names heroic, that thrill like a clarion, and names Christian that are 'as ointment poured forth.'

'Who, that has ever sailed up the superb Frith of Forth, can forget the striking points of the magnificent landscape that there stand out to view—'the couchant lion' of Arthur's Seat; the huge spire of old Edinburgh, 'throned on crags,' and rising in irregular terraces towards the Castle; the finely sloping Calton Hill; Salisbury Crags—that Giant's Causeway of Scotland—the blue Pentlands to the south, the green Ochils to the north, the Frith flowing between, as if to smooth the ancient wound which made the ridges two; North Berwick Law rising to the east, and in the north-west the peaks of 'Rob Roy's country,' watching, as if with jealousy, their younger brethren, and carrying off the view and the fancy into the far Highlands.

Such is the scenery into the midst of which, in the year of grace, 1728, was born John Trotter, of whose early career and remarkable times it is our object to furnish some brief record. His father was Thomas Trotter, a magistrate of this ancient metropolis of Scotland, who was called, by the troublous times of his country, to take an active part in the defence of his native city and his king. Thomas Trotter had

several children, from whom in different lines of descent have sprung, the Trotters of 'Ballindean,' the Trotters of 'The Bush,' and one or two other branches north and south of the Border.

The childhood, youth, and early manhood, of the subject of our history were spent in his native city, attending its schools and university, and enjoying the highest educational advantages his country could afford. Here, in this classic capital, at a somewhat remarkable period, both political and religious, the youth grew up. It would not be uninteresting to glance at the 'Old Edinburgh' of that day.

The New Town was hardly yet dreamed of. No bridge then spanned the North Loch. The Mound had not yet accumulated. No Railway ran, as now, along the valley, which at that time was filled with stagnant and pestiferous water. Then there were no Royal Institution, or Scott's Monument, or Princes-street. No ruins of the Parthenon, or Observatory, or Nelson's column then stood on the Calton Hill. But there was the Castle, with its dusky grandeur, and Holyrood, with its royal memories, and the Tron Church, and the Greyfriars, and the Tolbooth Prison, and the University, and the Grassmarket, and the Cowgate, and the High-street; and there was the 'sloping' Calton and Salisbury Crags, and the more distant Pentlands. And there was the deep blue sea, and the broad Frith, and across yonder the Bass Rock, with its heroic but mournful recollections, and the distant hills of Fife,

one day to be young Trotter's home. And who can estimate the impulse to thought, and food for curiosity, who can measure the educational influences, the high intellectual and emotional gratification and culture, such scenes must have afforded, to a susceptible youth, reared in their midst?

It were easy in imagination to accompany this youth in his visits to the classic spots of this beautiful city. Now he climbs the Calton Hill, and takes in at a glance the varied pleasing objects that there meet the view. And, as he casts his eye over the city beneath him, crowned by the venerable Castle pile, he realises the affectionate burst of the poet—

> 'Such dusky grandeur clothes the height,
> Where the huge Castle holds his state,
> And all the deep slope down;
> Whose ridgy back heaves to the sky,
> Piled deep and massy, close and high,
> Mine own romantic town!'

And now he climbs the Castle Hill, and gains the window of the little room 'where Queen Mary gave birth to the prince who was to inherit the long rival crowns of England and Scotland, and to close the dissensions of these ancient foes by the peaceful recognition of one common rightful heir to the double throne.' The view from the windows of this side of the Palace, says one who has well described the city as it was in the olden time, is scarcely surpassed by any other in the capital. Immediately

below are the picturesque old houses of the Grassmarket and West Port, crowned by the towers of Heriot's Hospital. From this abyss, the hum of the neighbouring city rises up, mellowed by the distance into one pleasing voice of life and industry; while, beyond, a gorgeous landscape is spread out, reaching almost to the ancient landmarks of the kingdom, guarded on the far east by the old keep of Craigmillar Castle, and on the west by Merchiston Tower. Between these is still seen the wide expanse of the Borough-Moor, on which the fanciful eye of one familiar with the national history will summon up the Scottish hosts marshalling for southern war; as when the gallant Jameses looked forth from these same towers proudly, and beheld them gathering around the standards of the 'Ruddy Lion,' pitched in the massive 'bore stane' still remaining at the Borough-Moor-Head.

And now our youth stands on the spot, which, of all others, is, perhaps, the most calculated to stir the deepest emotions in the mind of a Christian, and which has become hallowed by the memories of those brave and pious souls who here maintained a good confession, and sealed their testimony to Christ's truth with their blood. Among the noble band 'who glorified God in the Grassmarket,' perhaps few excite greater interest than that young misguided hero of the 'Pentland Rising'—William M'Cail, who, having given offence by some bold expressions in a sermon, was here cruelly tortured and then

executed. As he ascended the gallows, he said, 'I care no more to go up this ladder, and over it, than if I were going to my father's house.' He ended with that noble burst of Christian eloquence so much admired and so often imitated:—'And now I leave off to speak to creatures, and begin my intercourse with God, which shall never be broken off. Farewell, father and mother, friends and relations; farewell the world and all delights; farewell meat and drink; farewell sun, moon, and stars. Welcome God and Father; welcome sweet Jesus Christ, the Mediator of the New Covenant; welcome blessed Spirit of Grace, the God of all consolation; welcome glory, welcome eternal life, and welcome death!'

While our young student was quietly pursuing his studies at the University, and, at his moments of leisure, revelling amid the historic and charming haunts of his native city and its neighbourhood, a most exciting interruption broke in upon him, which, from the official position his worthy father occupied in the city, could not fail to throw him into a very fever of interest. Fifty-seven years had elapsed since the overthrow of the Stuart monarchy, and thirty years since the last formidable attempt to restore it. Ever since then the Scots had been haunted by the memory of the banished race, and every now and then were convulsed by the rumour of the approach of the roaming spectre of that family in the person of the young Pretender. Young

Trotter was seventeen years of age when the news came that the Prince had landed on his native shores. England was not at first in commotion, but Scotland was stirred to its depths.

CHAPTER II.

The Story of '45.

Thermopylæ and Cannæ
Were glorious fields of yore,
Leonidas and Hannibal
Right famous evermore;
But we can claim a nobler name,
A field of glory more.

* * * * * * *

Then gather round, my comrades,
And hear a soldier tell
How full of honor was the day
When every man did well.

AN old story is that of the Rebellion of '45; but a brave story, as one has well said, can never die of old age. It is a striking episode in a dull reign, and is of interest on account of its romantic incidents, as well as for being the last invasion the kingdom ever sustained. 'History has few such surprising chapters; fiction can lend no embellishment to it; and poetry, in dealing with the subject, is content to forego the indulgence of fancy for the narrative of fact.'

The old Pretender of 1715 was now represented by his son, the young chevalier, Charles Edward. The Prince was in his twenty-fifth year, very imperfectly educated, of ardent character, and captivating address. He based the probability of success upon the *prestige* of the Stuart name, the unpopularity of the new house of Brunswick, the fall of Walpole, and the employment of the English troops abroad. Attended by only seven followers, unknown

to his father, and discountenanced by almost every adherent with whom he corresponded, unless backed by foreign troops and well provided with arms and money, the adventurer sailed from France and landed in a desolate part of the Western Highlands of Scotland, July the twenty-fifth. By the hardy mountaineers who had added nought to their political knowledge, nor lost one tittle of loyalty to the ancient line, he was received with respect, although strongly advised by some of them to desist from an attempt in which the chances of success were so few. But when it was seen that nothing could shake his resolution, many of the chiefs, and especially Lochiel, then the powerful head of the clan of the Camerons, determined to share his fortunes, and to use their sturdiest efforts to stir up a rebellion. And yet it was not for revenge, or power, or plunder, but from a belief in the senseless and now exploded doctrine of the 'Divine Right of Kings,' that these noble Highlanders determined to encounter such fearful odds. 'His right are those hills, and his right are these valleys'—is the clue that unravels the secret cause of the Great Rebellion of '45.

And yet Prince Charles's cause was marvellously promoted at first by the most culpable negligence of the Government, and by the remarkable apathy of the people south of the Tweed. Public interest was being centered on the wrongs of Maria Theresa, the disaster at Fontenoy, and the terrible Marshal Saxe. Three weeks had the Prince been in the

country before the Ministry knew of his landing; and, when news of the insurrection were received, the Government, the people, and the public prints persisted in believing it a false alarm, and the only weapons they at first thought of using were those of banter and disparagement. Owing to this remissness, Charles Edward was enabled to surprise and terrify the realm by carrying the rebel army in triumph to the very centre of the kingdom. From the mild and solitary Glenfinnan, where he first raised his standard, down to Swarkestone Bridge, five miles south of the Trent, he carried everything before him, and his progress was reckoned by the number of important towns and cities that fell into his possession. He no sooner marches from his Highland quarters than Perth yields subjection. And now Edinburgh is his, with the exception of its well-defended castle. He takes breathing-time at Holyrood, and then Prestonpans becomes to him a name of renown. The Border is passed by November the fourteenth, and Carlisle surrenders. Now he gains the redoubtable Lancaster, and passing Preston on his way, Manchester is his own in another fortnight. But London is the quarry on which, falcon-like, he longs to fix his talons. So, uniting the two divisions of his army at Macclesfield, he hastens on to Derby, which he reaches by December the fourth. His main body proceeded no further, although the advanced guard pushed on to Swarkestone; but as the Jacobites of the south did not muster, nor the

French succours arrive—moreover, as three armies were in movement against him, General Wade's in Yorkshire, the Duke of Cumberland at Stafford, and that of the king in person on Finchley Common, the Pretender was forced to yield to the solicitation of his officers, and owing to the military skill of Lord George Murray, commander-in-chief, a safe retreat was accomplished by the route along which the rebel army had advanced.

It was on his birthday, December 20th, that Prince Charles recrossed the Border, and after resting at Glasgow, his troops sat down before Stirling Castle. While thus occupied, a royalist force advanced from Edinburgh to attack him, under General Hawley, who was disgracefully defeated at Falkirk, January 17, 1746. But it was a short-lived triumph, for the arrival of the Duke of Cumberland's army, with the landing of six thousand Hussars at Leith, gave an irresistible superiority to the side of Government in Scotland. That was an exciting time to Bailie Trotter and his family, for it fell to his office to provide horses and ammunition to the regiments of the Duke.

The sequel is well known. The misguided and now dispirited Highlanders made for their native mountains. The Duke of Cumberland marched to Aberdeen; Charles lay with his force at Inverness, The inclemency of that winter prevented operations for some time. As spring approached, the Duke prepared to bring the conflict to a close. He put his

large and well appointed army in motion against the wretchedly accoutred, exhausted, and half-starved Highlanders. They met at Drummossie Muir, a part of the plain of Culloden in Invernessshire, April 16, but in little more than half-an-hour the Highlanders were completely overthrown and became the victims of an unsparing slaughter. No quarter was given by the victors. The fugitives were mercilessly shot or cut down in every direction by the pursuers. The battle of Culloden was followed by scenes which form one of the darkest pictures in the history of Great Britain. Over an extensive area the whole country was wasted with fire and sword. Castles, huts, and hovels were ruthlessly destroyed along with many of the inmates. Having been thoroughly alarmed, the Government was cruel in its revenge. Upwards of a hundred officers were executed at York, Penrith, Carlisle, and other places. Lords Kilmarnock, Balmarino, and Lovat were beheaded on Tower Hill, the last instance of that mode of punishment in England.

The future history of Prince Charles Edward became romantic enough. A 'hunted wanderer on the wild,' he roamed from place to place in the strangest disguises, now concealed in the caves of the rocks, now sheltering in farm-houses, reduced to the extremest misery, and, although for five months dependent for his safety on his faithful Highlanders, not once betrayed, although a reward of £30,000 was offered for his capture. At length,

on September 20, he got on board a French ship, sent for his rescue, and was safely landed at Morlaix in Brittany. Eventually he settled in Italy, but by his degraded habits of intemperance he estranged his best friends, and died in obscurity and disgrace, A.D. 1788. In St. Peter's Cathedral at Rome I have read his brief epitaph, and seen the affecting monument of the last of the Stuart race.

The chief point of interest in our narrative is that engagement at Prestonpans. That battle-field was near young Trotter's native city. Moreover, that 'woeful day' was characterised by the death of one of the bravest knights and best Christians, who was well known in Edinburgh, and in whom it appears the young student, along with thousands of others, felt a profound interest. Even the infidel Hume cannot refrain from tendering a graceful tribute to his memory and courage, in his brief but spirited description of that engagement. 'Sir John Cope, who commanded the King's forces in Scotland, landed at Dunbar on the 17th of September, about thirty miles from Edinburgh. Here he was joined by two regiments of dragoons which had retired with precipitation from the capital at the approach of the Highland army. With this reinforcement, his troops amounted to near three thousand men, and he began his march to Edinburgh, in order to give battle to the rebels. On the 20th day of the month he encamped in the neighbourhood of Prestonpans, having the village of Tranent in his front,

and the sea in his rear. Early next morning he was attacked by the young Pretender, at the head of about two thousand four hundred Highlanders, half-armed, who charged him sword in hand, with such impetuosity, that in less than ten minutes after the battle began, the King's troops were broken and totally routed. The dragoons fled in the utmost confusion at the first onset; the general officers having made some unsuccessful attempts to rally them, thought proper to consult their own safety by an expeditious retreat towards Coldstream on the Tweed. All the infantry were either killed or taken; and the colours, artillery, tents, baggage, and military chest fell into the hands of the victor, who returned in triumph to Edinburgh. Never was victory more complete, or obtained at smaller expense; for not above fifty of the rebels lost their lives in the engagement. Five hundred of the King's troops were killed on the field of battle; and among these, Colonel Gardiner, a gallant officer, who disdained to save his life at the expense of his honour. When abandoned by his own regiment of dragoons, he alighted from his horse, joined the infantry and fought on foot, until he fell covered with wounds, in sight of his own threshold.'

I have looked with some degree of curiosity among the few remaining papers of Dr. Trotter to see how he was affected by events of so exciting a character, and occurring so near his native city. Whether all his interest centered in the fatal day of

Prestonpans, and in the fate of the brave Colonel who there fell, I know not, but the only document I find is a ballad put into the lips of the Colonel's daughter, who is represented as foreseeing, by a melancholy presentiment, the mournful result of the engagement.

It is a lament on the battle of Prestonpans, September 21, 1745. The public character of the brave 'Knight,' his remarkable conversion, his long and consistent Christian career, his fidelity to his convictions, his uncompromising courage for truth and godliness, his friendship with the leading religionists of the day, his sympathy with the great spiritual movement then swelling the bosom of the nation, and the elegant and affectionate Memorial of him wrought by the practised and pious hand of Doddridge, have tended to throw an interest around his character in life and his bravery in death that shall endure to many generations.

LAMENT ON THE BATTLE OF PRESTONPANS.

Sept. 21, 1745.

'Twas now the hour of dark midnight,
Before the first cock's crowing;
The whistling winds shook Stirling towers
With hollow murmurs blowing.

Then Fannie Fair, all woe-begone,
Sad in her bed was lying,
When through the ruined towers she heard
The boding screech-owl crying.

'Oh, woeful night!' she cried and wept,
'Oh, night foreboding sorrow!
Oh, woeful night!' she cried and wept,
'Yet more I dread the morrow.

'For now the fatal hour draws nigh,
Each host to Preston bending;
At morn shall sons their fathers slay
With deadly hate contending.

E'en in the vision of the night
I saw fell death wide sweeping,
And all the matrons of the land
And all the virgins weeping.'

And now she heard the massy gates
Harsh on their hinges turning;
And now through all the castle heard
The woeful voice of mourning.

Aghast she started from her bed,
The fatal tidings dreading;
'Oh speak,' she cried, 'my father's slain:
I see, I see him bleeding.'

'A pale corpse on the sullen shore
At morn, fair maid, I left him;
E'en at the threshold of his gate
The foe of life bereft him.

'Bold in the battle front he fell,
With many a wound deformèd;
A braver knight, a better man,
This fair land ne'er adornèd.'

While yet he spake, a deadly swoon
The grief-struck maid invaded;
Lost was the lustre of her eyes,
And every beauty faded.

Sad was the sight, sad were the news,
And sad was our complaining;
But oh! for thee my native land!
What woes are yet remaining!

So fell Colonel Gardiner, and thousands of warm hearts could have sung, with more than a poet's interest and feeling, the following Requiem :—

'Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
Dream of fighting fields no more;
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
Morn of toil nor night of waking.
* * * * *

No rude sound shall reach thine ear,
Armour's clang, or war-steed champing,
Trump nor pibroch summon here,
Mustering clan, or squadron tramping.

Yet the lark's shrill fife may come,
At the daybreak from the fallow;
And the bittern sound his drum,
Booming from the sedgy shallow.

Ruder sounds shall none be near,
Guards nor warders challenge here;
Here's no war-steed's neigh and champing,
Shouting clans or squadrons tramping.'

CHAPTER III.

The arrival of the 'Foreigner,' and its impulse.

ABOUT this period a stranger, or as the people then used to call him a 'Foreigner,' was in the habit of paying occasional visits to Edinburgh; and so great a charm hung about him, and so mighty a power went with him, that his influence upon the citizens was more deep and durable than any wielded by the Pretender. He was accompanied by none of the trappings of state, nor could he presume to claim affinity with royal blood; and yet, at his approach, hundreds and thousands were moved with unwonted excitement—hung upon his lips with intense interest; and in all places, and at all times when he appeared in public, came forth in densest masses, and yielded themslves to the spell of his mighty and soul-transforming eloquence. This stranger had crossed the seas; he had gone on his special mission to the swamps and slave-plantations of Georgia. He had visited almost every city and town in England, and had carried his message among the

mountains of Wales. He had run many risks, and had been the hero of a hundred fields; and yet, having everywhere borne off the palm of triumph, he came to the metropolis of the North, with high courage and hope. He looked for conquests here; nothing else would satisfy his ambition; and with the confidence of faith in the goodness and success of his mission among the cool and calculating Scotsmen, he began his work in Edinburgh.

At that period the people of the Lothians were divided into contending factions, and hot were the disputes as to which of these the stranger should unite with. One section, with much of truth on their side in some matters, yet, with a strong dash of conceit and effrontery, contended that they alone were right, and that they should have a monopoly of the Foreigner's company and influence. But he, conscious of his power, and convinced that his mission was to the nation and not to any particular class, broke loose from the moorings of party exclusiveness, and sailed in the open seas, where his noble bark could carry its precious freightage to enrich all in whose port he might cast anchor.

Among the thousands that crowded the churches, the Orphan House Park, the Calton Hill, and other places, to listen to the 'Foreigner,' the youth, John Trotter, was present, gazing with wonder upon the strange things he witnessed, swayed like the rest, by the mighty influence of the orator whom Franklin, and Chesterfield, and Hume, and Melville, and

Bolingbroke, and Walpole, and Garrick, and Lady Sutherland, and the Earl of Buchan, and Pulteney, the Earl of Bath, and a host of other notorieties of all grades, had listened to with deep interest. The 'Foreigner' was no other than Whitefield, the prince of modern preachers, who visited Scotland in 1741. He was at first invited and warmly welcomed by the newly formed 'Secession' party; but, grieved, if not disgusted, at their exclusiveness and want of charity, he determined to preach wherever he should find 'an open door.' In doing so, as one has well said, he equally forgot the joy of the kirk and the mortification of the chapel, in seeking the triumphs of the cross.

It is difficult to form an idea of the intense interest the preacher excited in the Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dundee, and Aberdeen, of that day. He officiated first in Secession chapels, and afterwards in parish churches, but more frequently in the fields, on the brow of a hill, or other spacious ground in the most populous districts. He was listened to and visited by all classes. Many ministers, whose names have since become fragrant to the Church of God, sought his company and confessed his power. Dr. Muir, who witnessed the effect of his first visit to Edinburgh, says—'Upon the whole, we hope there is such a flame kindled as shall never be extinguished. The ministers are learning to speak with new tongues.' Whitefield himself thus sums up the results of his first visit to Edinburgh—

'Glory to God; he is doing great things here. I walk in the continual sunshine of his countenance. Never did I see so many Bibles, nor people look into them with such attention, when I am expounding. Plenty of tears flow from hearers' eyes. I preach twice daily, and expound at private houses at night; and am employed in speaking to souls under distress great part of the day. Every morning I have a constant *levee* of wounded souls, many of whom are quite slain by the law. I have a lecture in the fields, attended not only by the common people but persons of great rank. I have reason to think some of the latter are coming to Jesus. I am only afraid lest people should idolise the instrument, and not look enough to Jesus, in whom alone I desire to glory.'

But it was some years later, when Whitefield again appeared in the North, that young Trotter heard with more rapt attention and yielded himself to the potent sway of the mighty notives which the great preacher presented before his hearers. 'Thousands attended every morning and evening. They seem never to be weary. I am followed more than ever. Scotland seems to be a new world to me.' It was during his visit in 1751, when young Trotter was a student at the University, that Whitefield thus wrote:—'I now preach twice daily to thousands. Many of the best rank attend. O Edinburgh, Edinburgh, surely thou wilt never be forgotten by me! the longer I stay, the more eagerly both

rich and poor attend on the word preached. Perhaps for near twenty-eight days together, in Glasgow and Edinburgh, I preached to near 10,000 souls every day.'

Some months later Whitefield was again across the Border. He discovers an interesting fact which he mentions with complacency, and which gave him a clue as to the best method of multiplying his influence for the future. He received accounts of 'a *dozen* young men, that were awakened' under his ministry 'ten years ago,' and who were now useful preachers. This was cheering news to Whitefield, whose favourite maxim was, 'that every student's name is *legion*;' 'catching him is catching thousands; helping him, helping many.' 'Hence he aimed, while in Edinburgh, this time, to *catch* students; many of whom from the classes, as well as from the Divinity-Hall, came daily to hear him.' So says his biographer, Philip.

To the writer this fact is most interesting and significant. For, in a manuscript autobiography written by young Trotter's son, Edward, I find it stated that *his father's choice of the ministry was owing to the visits of Mr. Whitefield.* It does not appear that young Trotter was one of the 'dozen students' who in 1741 had been awakened, for he was then but twelve or thirteen years of age. It would add greatly to the interest attaching to his conversion were it certain that it was owing, under God, to the stirring appeals and melting entreaties of the modern apostle; but whenever, and however

brought to the knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus, and to reconciliation with God, it is certain that his decision to enter the ministry, and to consecrate the ardour of early manhood, and the ripened energies and experience of an unusually lengthened life, to the glorious work, are to be traced to the marvellous power and persuasion of the seraphic 'Foreigner,' who was then stirring to the very depths the religious life of Scotland. I can imagine the University-student as he witnessed the wonderful effects of Whitefield's discourses, and traced their mighty influence on the audience, filled with admiration, amounting almost to envy, at the intellectual power thus wielded by an earnest speaker on spiritual and eternal themes. But when, as a decided Christian he beheld the mighty spiritual effects that attended the preacher's discourses—when he looked on the wondrous transformations of character produced by the grace of God on immense masses of immortal beings—when he saw men and women rescued from the dominion of sin and error, and filled with a joy unspeakable, and a hope of glory assured, and even ecstatic—there is no wonder that a holy ambition rose within his bosom to spend his life in a work so glorious and so blessed as 'to know nothing among men save Jesus Christ and him crucified.'

Surely this was a most propitious circumstance in the history of young Trotter, that his views should be directed to the ministry and his heart warmed

for that blessed work by the powerful appeals of Whitefield, and the remarkable scenes witnessed under his preaching. What more fitting preparation could he have for the infinitely momentous work to which he was about to devote his being! Far better training this than the learning of the schools! A revival of religion is the best school to form a devoted and useful minister of the Gospel. We estimate college learning at its highest worth; and yet we say well would it be if every student could pass from a genuine revival scene into the ministry. One month in a revival such as Whitefield's in Edinburgh has often proved a better preparation for the work of 'winning souls' than the four or six years of college life.

I confess it greatly delights my inmost soul to find that my worthy ancestor was a minister born of a revival. I think the more highly of him for having drawn the first breath of his ministerial existence in that hallowed and bracing atmosphere. It enables me to feel the pulse of his spiritual being, to detect the latent motives and lofty aims of his ministerial life. It speaks to me volumes as to 'the spirit he was of,' the kind of work he wished to accomplish, and the manner in which he set about it.

Not that I love the word 'revival.' I confess it is to me, by its associations, somewhat distasteful. I should be glad to substitute another word for it. But the thing properly signified by that word I do love. Call it by what name you please, the thing I long to see is a reproduction of the real life and deepest and

most earnest power of religion itself. This was the soul of the revivals under Whitefield, and this is what the Church of Christ and the world around us require at the present time. And any religious excitements or movements that come short of effecting this, are not worthy of the name of revival. There have been many such times in the history of the Church of Christ, and what we desiderate is, that they shall be reproduced and rendered perpetual. And I am convinced that the choice spirits in all branches of the Church of Christ are ready, in this sense, to unite in the prayer, 'O Lord, revive thy work,' and thus commit themselves to the decision, that a Revival of Religion is the highest boon the Church of Christ can desire.

I am convinced of this, because I find that past revivals in any church or community of churches are recounted with pleasure by those churches. *Revival periods are the true classic periods of the Churches of Christ.* In them they take a warrior's pride. They count them the crises of their history, their times of conquest and renown. They are the Thermopylæ, the Marathon, the Waterloo of Jehovah's hosts. With what enthusiam do the churches allude to their revival periods! The Lutherans tell of their great revival, and call it justly 'the Reformation.' The Swiss speak in glowing language of the days of their Calvin and Farel, and Zuingle and Beza. The Scotch grow warm at the mention of their Knox and Hamilton. Talk of more modern revivals—they

point you to Cambuslang or Kilsyth. One body of Christians will grow into enthusiasm at the name of the Erskines; another will tell you of the days of Livingstone or of Robe. Not many years back one of Scotland's holiest and most useful sons tells us that 'in Dundee for nearly four months it was found desirable to have public worship almost every night, and that, during one autumn alone (1839), not fewer than from six hundred to seven hundred came to converse with their ministers about their souls.' And so with other Christian bodies in other lands. English Christians look back wistfully to the golden age of Whitefield, Wesley, John Berridge, and Lady Huntingdon. The Welch fire at the names of Howel Harris, Charles of Bala, or Christmas Evans, John Elias, or Williams of Wern. The Americans are enthusiasts in praising the times of Jonathan Edwards, and Thomas Prince, of Boston, who tells us that the revival in Boston of 1741 was such a time as he never knew. Then it was that a brother minister (Mr. Cooper) was wont to say that more came to him in one week in deep concern about their souls than in the whole twenty-four years of his preceding ministry. Thus revival periods are alluded to with glowing enthusiasm by all bodies of Evangelical Christians.

And I am persuaded that the memory of revival periods is thus cherished by the churches, not on account of the scenes of interest or excitement connected with them, or the increase of denominational

strength they produced, but because it is believed that a deeper and more earnest religious life underlies them. Yes, amid all the extravagance and human infirmity that marred some of them, it is believed that the power of God on the soul was more mighty, the spiritual world appeared more real, and the throbbing heart of the community beat in deeper unison with the heart of God. It is because such times of religious movement are believed to be faint but nearer resemblances to the wonders of Pentecost, that God's earnest and true hearted servants unite in longing petitions for 'times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord.' And if such times of 'refreshing' can be brought about instrumentally by the use of the ordinary and established methods of worship adopted by the churches, all well and good. But considering the monotony into which regular and established modes of worship and instruction may sink; and moreover, considering the all-engrossing cares of business and of life; and further, remembering the prevalence of carelessness and worldliness and sensuality, and the idolatry paid to Mammon and to pleasure,—I can conceive it right and dutiful, rational and religious, on the part of earnest, able men, to adopt, as did Whitefield, extraordinary means adapted, by God's blessing, to break up the monotonous deadness of the churches, to arouse and concentrate the attention of careless men, and, by a protracted series of services, sustained through a succession of days or weeks, to work into the mind of an awakened and

deeply interested community the great converting and sanctifying idea—'God was in Christ reconciling the world to himself,'—urging with right apostolic earnestness, 'Be ye reconciled to God; for He hath made him who knew no sin to be sin for us, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him.'

Such efforts, put forth by the servants of God, in the most humble, prayerful dependence upon the promised sympathy and aid of the Holy Ghost, and carried forward with all the befitting and most sober and painstaking accompaniments, are warranted to be looked upon as calculated, in the highest degree, to bring about the so-oft-desired and prayed-for 'times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord.'

One thing is certain—if the Gospel is to keep its ground, much more to make head against the opposing forces of Romanism, infidelity, and ungodliness, some means and methods additional to and distinct from our present ordinary methods of operation, must be adopted. Instead, therefore, of jealousy or opposition to any new methods that earnest men may try, let all the marshalled regiments of Jehovah's hosts, cheer on their brethren and companions in tribulation, labour, and patience in the kingdom of Jesus Christ.

With these remarks borne in mind, and not forgetting that it is only by the 'glorious Gospel,' the doctrine of God propitiated by the sufferings of Jesus, that any true revival can be promoted or can

last, I will sum up my ideas in the words of another who thus writes on the subject:—

'I have a conviction that God is calling us to look farther, and comprehend more. To do so is, in fact, the best method of preparing revivals, if that were our object—the only method in which it can be done effectually. The true doctrine seems to be, that we are to labour, not for a reviving of revivals, but for a reviving of the real life and deepest and most earnest power of religion itself. And then, if it please God to bring us into some state that we may call by the ordinary name revival, we shall be in it healthily; in it as being in religion permanently given to God, and not as in some casual flame that is got up, in part, by the friction of human effort and expectation. We certainly cannot miss of revivals, if they are wanted, by means of a new spirit of piety from God, such as we have never before realised. If we are aspiring after the most spiritual habit, the most complete devotion, the deepest union to God, the fullest liberty, and the most established and permanent life of religion, we shall not miss, I am confident, of any casual blessings on our way. What do we require, in fact, but that every disciple shall be revived for his whole life—that he shall undertake, not for a scene, but for a life; that he shall die to self, come into the true liberty and rest of faith, achieve his victory, live secret life, and prove the fulness and sufficiency of Christ as a Saviour. This I am sure will be, in the truest, fullest sense, a reviving of religion; only it cannot come

up in a night, in some social meeting, but must come gradually, as the day dawns. It will require patience, holy application, and a capacity, I think, to bear some reproach from disciples who cannot enter at once into a view so remote from their apprehensions, or opposite to their prejudices.

'One thing is clear, that the highest form of piety can never appear on earth until the disciples of Christ are able to be in the Spirit, in some broader and more permanent sense than simply to suffer those local and casual fervours that may be kindled within the walls of a church or the boundaries of a village. The Spirit of God is a catholic spirit, and there needs to be a grand catholic reviving, a universal movement, penetrating gradually, and quickening into power the whole Church of Christ on earth. Then, and then only, in the spiritual momentum of such a day, when the Spirit of God is breathing inspirations into all believing souls, and working graces in them that are measured, no longer by the dogmas of sect but by the breadth of his own character—then, I say, feeling the contact, every man, of a universal fellowship, and rising with the flood that is lifting the whole Church into freedom and power, it will be seen what possible heights of attainment — hitherto scarcely imagined — what spiritual completeness and fulness of life, the Gospel and grace of Christ is able to effect in our sinful race.'

CHAPTER IV.

Pulpit Power.

'The pulpit has been itself an estate in the Church, which has really been a first estate in Europe.'—THE PEN, PALM, AND PULPIT.

IN the year 1752, young Trotter finished his academical course, and passed his 'trials for the ministry' before the Presbytery of Edinburgh, being then twenty-two years of age. In the course of a short time he entered on his labours in the extensive parish of Ceres, in the county of Fife, where he continued his ministry with increasing usefulness and popularity for seventeen years.

It may be interesting to some to be reminded that Ceres was the scene of the labours of the seraphic Halyburton, a generation before. The manse had been consecrated by the prayers of that holy man; there he had spent those hours of rapt devotion for which he was characterized; and surely no dwelling could be perfumed by a holier fragrance. Often must the young minister have been reminded of his sainted predecessor, haunted, as every spot was, with memories of his life and labours. In the pulpit of the kirk close by, had he proclaimed the unsearchable

riches of Christ, and sought to win souls. In the garden round the manse, and in the neighbouring fields, had he meditated on that Divine love, which was his favourite theme of thought and conversation. And in the rustic dwellings of the surrounding hamlets many were the traditionary stories of the zeal and devotion of the departed minister; and over the 'ingle warm' many a cotter would relate some incident in the life of the good Halyburton, that he had learned from the lips of a pious parent or godly ancestor. St. Andrews was not far distant, whither Halyburton went from Ceres, and where, after a very brief professorship, he was translated amid ecstatic exultations, to the presence of his adored and fondly-loved Redeemer. Surely it was not a small honour to be the successor of the holy Thomas Halyburton!

Not far distant from Ceres was Kilmany, the parish in which, many years later, young Chalmers commenced his distinguished career. Here he might be seen on a Sabbath morning before the time of his conversion, wandering over the hills and through the meadows, collecting specimens of flowers and plants to illustrate the study of botany, in which he was then absorbed. Here he might be seen returning late to the kirk after the bell had ceased, to find a large congregation awaiting his arrival; and his hat full of roots, and leaves, and flowers, showed too plainly the cause of the delay. Here it was he wrote that article on 'Missions,' which led, under God, to

his own conversion; and here he commenced that course of earnest, evangelical preaching, which constituted an era in the history of modern Christianity, and has produced lasting effects on millions.

In the year 1752, young Trotter entered on his labours in the parish of Ceres, with heart in sympathy with his work, and with qualifications which Whitefield himself deemed sufficient to warrant the hope of success. His biographer remarks—'It is said the people flock in crowds to hear him preach.' It is hinted that in addition to his scholarship, which is highly spoken of, his 'youth' won him a good share of public interest and regard. But there must have been something more solid and striking about his pulpit addresses than the merely adventitious circumstances of the juvenility of the preacher, to have secured and retained for seventeen years the deep interest of his congregation. We think it is not difficult to assign the reason of his acceptableness. He had been trained in the right school. He had not listened to the prince of modern preachers in vain. Surely somewhat of the infectious ardour of Whitefield's zeal had been imbibed by him; somewhat of his warm rich vein of Gospel truth ran through the young pastor's discourses. The doctrine of the cross, the glorious truth of salvation to the uttermost, and a present salvation by faith in Christ Jesus, was the staple of Whitefield's discourses, and the great secret, under God, of his success. And none could listen oft and approvingly to the great

preacher without catching somewhat of his hearty appreciation of evangelic truth. None could be a disciple of Whitefield without entering, heart and soul, into his earnest views on these great subjects.

Dr. Trotter has not left any manuscripts from which it is possible to judge of his style of preaching; but from his warm sympathy with Whitefield and the doctrine he proclaimed; from his great popularity among a people who had been favoured a generation before, with such a minister as the seraphic Halyburton; and from the fact mentioned in the autobiography of his son, that the writings of Thomas Boston, of Ettrick, were familiar as household words in his father's parish; it is not unreasonable to conclude that his mode of preaching the Gospel was not unlike that adopted by these holy men.

And here lies the power of the pulpit. This is what the apostle designates the 'foolishness of preaching.' He does not mean by it the feeble utterance of stereotyped opinions or cold platitudes on any Bible theme. This, when the great end of all preaching is held in view, must be seen to be nought other than foolish preaching indeed. Nor does the apostle mean to intimate that the *institution* of preaching is a foolish arrangement on the part of God for effecting the glorious results the Gospel aims at. 'God taught his apostles to adopt preaching, because men had already adopted it; and proved, by long trial, that of all instruments, it was the fittest

for their purposes who had an immediate and practical object in view in their communications with men.' What the apostle means to intimate is, that it was by the preaching of 'foolishness,' or of a doctrine deemed 'foolishness' by the philosophic but conceited Greeks, and by all unbelievers. This is plain from the verse where he says, 'We preach *Christ crucified*, to the Jews a stumbling-block, and *to the Greeks foolishness*.' It is by the doctrine of the atoning death of the despised Nazarene that the world has been turned upside down. In this lies the power of the pulpit in every age. It is not in the learning, or logic, or imagination, or rhetoric, pathos, or vehemence of the preacher; but in the 'still small voice' of the love of God pleading with men through the life and lips and love of a crucified Saviour, and echoed by the faithful minister who is in sympathy with that tender theme, and 'whose every glance, tone, gesture, is full of it,' and 'who unites all the varied expressions of his being into a single testimony to its truth;' it is here that the pulpit becomes robed with power, and is mighty, through God, to effect spiritual transformations, and to bring life to the slumbering and the dead. Well might Chrysostom, when he considered the power of the pulpit, declare his conviction, 'that the man inspired with holy zeal, sufficed to amend a whole people.' And well might the apostle Paul, when he beheld the mighty effects attending his own labours, and took a prophet's glance at the results

in after ages of the preaching of the Gospel—well might he, or rather the Spirit of Infinite Wisdom by him, declare 'that the preaching of the cross *is the power of God.*' It were pleasant and profitable to show that it was so when apostolic tongues proclaimed Christ and him crucified to the three thousand at Pentecost; or before the judges at Cesarea, when 'Felix trembled,' and Agrippa was 'almost persuaded'; and before the court of Areopagus, at Athens, when many believed. It were easy to prove that the preaching of the Gospel carried divine power, when Gregory Nazianzen preached at Constantinople, and 'his radiant eloquence alternately awed and melted the vast crowds he drew around him;' or when Jerome of Narni, by his fervid appeals, so moved the citizens of Rome, that, as they left the church where he had been preaching, they cried along the streets, 'Lord have mercy upon us! Christ have mercy upon us!' or when Savonarola, in the fair city of Florence, by the earnestness of his preaching, drew the 'city mechanic and merchant, the farmer and the peasant, from the Apennines early in the morning,' to crowd the fine old striped marble cathedral, and listen to his faithful rebukes of the corruptions of his time; or when Luther gave forth the stirring blasts of his trumpet which thrilled all Christendom, from end to end; or when Knox came down like a thunderstorm, overwhelming monarch and subjects alike in its unsparing torrent; or when Baxter, standing

ever on the portals of the invisible word, spoke with such demonstration of the Spirit and power, that vice shrunk away ashamed, and in almost every house in Kidderminster might be heard songs of salvation and praise; or to close, but not exhaust, the growing catalogue, when in that last century a noble band of preachers made these kingdoms ring from end to end with the hallelujahs of joyful hearts newly delivered from bondage, and rejoicing in lately found liberty and peace. And thousands of living witnesses could be summoned whose ready testimony would declare that after eighteen hundred years of triumph, and amid all the conflicting elements now stirring the deep heart of humanity, the preaching of Christ's Gospel is the most potent; 'nothing concerns the being so deeply, so stirs its deepest passions, sternest convictions, warmest loves;' nothing has so much power to change the principles, feelings, habits, and life of men; and that of no other power in the world can it be said, as is said of this, 'The Gospel is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth?'

CHAPTER V.

Pastoral Work.

"The worth of a cure of souls is heaven or hell, according as he who is appointed to it does his duty or neglects it."—GUESSES AT TRUTH.

AS my object in these brief memorials is not to present anything like a complete biography of the persons in question, but a few graphic sketches of some scenes in their lives and some points in their character, I shall now endeavour to set before my readers the young pastor among his flock, showing the kind of work he had to perform, and the various difficulties and encouragements he would be likely to meet with. I believe there is not a single individual living, whose biography, if correctly written, would not be fraught with interest and instruction; and, if so, I think the life of a Scottish parish minister of a century back, notwithstanding the absence of any thing like adventure, might be written in a manner to please and profit every reader. The interest of real life does not consist in the multitude of striking changes, or the marvels of remarkable adventures, but in the daily fluctuations of feeling and of thought, and the striking influences of ordinary

events upon the development of character. Hence, a parish minister who is devoted to his work, who studies human nature, and becomes intimately acquainted with the struggles, the sorrows, and the joys of his flock, that he may give a word in season to all—a parish minister, who sustains such a close and sacred relation to his people, that every event in each family of his parish so deeply affects him as to become, so to speak, a part of his own history,—such a man's life, carefully and correctly written, might furnish incidents of truth more striking than any fiction, and events as important in their character and interesting in their recital as the history of any campaign. If it be true, as Cecil was won't to remark, that a poor curate who is fighting the devil out of his parish, is a greater hero than any general, it is equally true that the history of such battles is more deeply interesting than the details of any scenes of military carnage, 'with garments rolled in blood.'

Soon after his settlement at Ceres, John Trotter married the daughter of Mr. John Oswald, a printer and publisher in the Poultry, London. Whether he had seen her during a visit to the British metropolis, or whether she had been so far north as to cross the border before, does not appear; but, certain it is, that they were not 'unequally yoked together,' both being pilgrims in the same road to heaven. With the wife of his youth he seems to have been remarkably happy, and pleasant was the house where two

such accordant spirits lived but to promote each other's comfort. Mrs. Trotter was of a very lively cheerful disposition, and there was a fervour about her piety that must have rendered her a fitting helpmate to a labourer in so large a sphere as the parish of Ceres. His most evangelic views and most sanguine wishes for the spiritual welfare of his flock, were warmly seconded by his devoted wife. Fresh from the teaching of the good old Dr. Guyse, and with her mind richly stored with the golden sentiments of the divines and pious writers of the Commonwealth and subsequent periods, and with her English warmth, if not enthusiasm, of character, she was a fitting companion for the learned, thoughtful, and popular young Scottish pastor.

But their domestic history seems to have been chequered with frequent sorrows. They had numerous children, but nearly all were caught from the mother's arms and folded in the bosom of the Saviour. Severe were those trials, and often did the manse become a Bochim—a scene of weeping; but He who wounded, healed, and the disconsolate parents were enabled to resign the precious trust, saying, 'The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.'

But, whatever clouds gathered over the domestic scene, it is certain, the afflicted parents slackened not their labours in the vineyard of the Lord.

There were the regular pulpit services, and to the preparation for these Mr. Trotter devoted much

time and thought. He was a laborious student of Scripture, and aimed, like a workman needing not to be ashamed, to bring out of this treasury things new and old.

Then there was the catechising the families of his flock, and the regular pastoral visits, which were more stated and more carefully discharged than, perhaps, is possible in these times of multifarious Christian efforts. Then came days for the baptism of the infants of his congregation, which was made a solemn and important service, when the duty of real consecration of their offspring and of themselves to God, was enjoined upon the parents. Then came the contrasted duties of marrying and burying his parishioners, bringing with them varied reflections and emotions to the minister.

Visiting the sick in so extensive a parish was no light matter, and must have occupied much time every week. And surely, every conscientious minister must deem this an important means of getting to know the characters, and of doing good to the souls of his people. Many of the seeds of ministerial usefulness are sown in the sick chambers of his flock and bear fruit in after days.

In the autobiography of his son, some remarkable cases of usefulness in Mr. Trotter's pastoral visitations are recorded. Now, he is counsellor to a family in some crisis of their history, and by his sympathy and advice helps them over their trial. Now, he rescues some wandering sheep, and restores

him to his family, and to himself. On one occasion, he prepares a sermon for his flock, but, on Saturday night, feels he must not preach it, but has a conviction on his mind, (for which he cannot account, but by believing it is from God,) that it is his duty to take for his text, 'Thou shalt do no murder;' and scarcely a day passes, before he finds out, by the confession of a poor, disconsolate woman, that the sermon was the means of saving her from self-destruction. And now he is called to the sick-room of a person who speaks of visitors from another world, who made known their presence by peculiar rappings at the foot or head of her bed. All the neighbours are amazed and awe-struck, and the pastor himself, with all his philosophy, finds it more difficult to prove the deception, than we do in these modern days, when the sect of the Rappists is repeating its marvellous delusions. Such were the varied duties of Mr. Trotter in his extensive parish. So diligent was he in his work, and so attentive to the wants of every parishioner, that the day of his farewell, after seventeen years' labour, was looked upon by them almost as a public calamity. His character was not unlike that pictured by our old *Chaucer*:—

'Wide was his parish, and houses fer asonder,
But he ne left nought for no rain ne thonder;
In sickenesse and in mischief* to visite
The ferrest in his parish, moche and lite,†

* Mischief—trouble.
† Moche and lite—great and small.

Upon his fete, and in his hand a staf,
This noble ensample to his shepe he gaf :‡
That first he wrought, and afterward he taught,
Out of the Gospel he the wordès caught.
And this figure added he yet therto,
That if gold rusté, what should iren do?
For if a preest be foul,§ on whom we trust,
No wonder is a lewed || man to rust.
Wel ought a priest ensample for to geve,
By his cleenessé, how his shepe shulde live.'

‡ Gaf—gave.
§ Foul—soiled, defiled.
|| Lewed—ignorant, connected with low.

CHAPTER VI.

A Scottish Field-day.

"Life and death are in the power of the tongue, is a maxim illustrated in the homiletical history of Christendom. Its thunder and music, its effects on individuals and society, are all attested in the literature of the Church and world."—THE PEN, PALM, AND PULPIT.

BUT the most interesting and exciting as well as laborious and perhaps useful days in a Scottish pastor's life, were the half-yearly or annual Sacrament Days. These were the field-days of those spiritual heroes. Mr. Trotter's son dwells on the scenes presented at such a solemn festival with great interest, showing the deep impression they produced on his youthful mind.

One such he describes, but in place of it I will introduce the brilliant picture of such a scene lately sketched by a master-hand. *

'It is a bright Sabbath morning in the end of June or the beginning of July — a little before eleven; crowds are seen approaching from all directions to a tent made of wood, painted blue, and set in a field hard by the murmuring Earn, which a little below is joined by another mountain stream. The scene around is magnificent. To the west, stand up a chain of bold precipitous mountains, black

* 'Martyrs, Heroes, and Bards of the Scottish Covenant,' by George Gilfillan, M.A.

in winter, but now, in this summer day, clothed with the freshest green which ferns and Alpine grasses can supply. On the south, beyond the river, a fertile plain expands till bounded at the distance of two miles by a lower ridge of hills, which close the valley and confine the prospect. Eastward, the river pursues its course towards some low wooded falls through which it finds a narrow passage into that broader strath which extends to the Tay. On the north is the village, and behind it a glorious glen, covered with woods, and surmounted by a monumental pillar, which stands on a bare rock above them. The sun is warm, but a tree or two are near, under which some of the multitude find a shelter, and a cool breeze from the stream passes ever and anon across their countenances, and bedews them with delicious refreshment. The crowd is scarcely less interesting than the scenery. It is composed partly of the villagers and partly of farmers and country-folk. You see here the keen, hard-featured faces of weavers and shoemakers, and there the bluff and ruddy countenances of ploughmen. Not a few aged men are there, wearing broad blue bonnets over their silvery hairs. Some shepherd's plaids are to be seen, and here and there you see a mountaineer wearing the kilt of his fathers. Old women are there, with round linen caps instead of bonnets. Blooming virgins, too, abound, with modesty and beauty meeting together under the shadow of their simple head-gear. Children people

the outskirts of the assembly, or sit on the dyke dividing the field from the river, and, lo! there is one boy who is sitting apart from all the rest and is musing with half-shut dreamy eye, with the shadow of a whole tree screening him from the summer heat. Many of the multitude have come from distant parts of the country, over "muirs and mosses many," to join in the solemnities of the day: *that* little company of men and women have risen early from the banks of Loch-Earn, have been first at the tent, and shall remain till the stars appear trembling over the Abruchill Hills. The service at last begins. The preacher mounts the tent. He is a man apparently of sixty and upwards—his hair is sable, thickly silvered—his brow is lofty, his face has once been almost handsome, and is still manly and bold; in stature he approaches six feet, and age has not yet prevailed to bend his erect figure. His eye is quick, eager, and restless; earnest simplicity pervades his whole aspect. He gives out the psalm in a clear strong voice which rings afar "like a trumpet with a silver sound." The voice of the multitude then arises, swells, sinks, dies away; but how melodiously has it peopled the solitude and awakened the echoes of the hills! He prays, and his prayer is fervid and powerful. He announces as his text,—"They spake of the decease that he was to accomplish at Jerusalem," and straightway the minds of the large throng are transported to the top of Tabor—a loftier hill than any in sight—

and their hearts begin to burn within them as they see their Lord talking to the celestial messenger on that memorable transfiguration morn,

> "When in the sad days of his flesh,
> O'er Christ a glory came,
> And light o'erflowed him like a sea
> And raised his shining brow,
> And the voice came forth which bade
> All worlds the Son of God avow,"—

and talking not of heaven's splendours but of Calvary's death! The preacher is not imaginative in thought or refined in language; but he is in earnest; he is possessed, moreover, of true natural eloquence; and as his voice rises with his subject, and his eye kindles, every heart in the audience is hushed, and not a few tears are seen stealing down the cheeks of both young and old. Now, he quotes a few lines of poetry; and now he tells some interesting or plaintive anecdote, and their attention is still faster rivetted. By-and-bye, his earnestness becomes overwhelming in its intensity; he has seized the two-edged sword of appeal, and is wielding it with a giant's arm. He alludes to their privileges; he contrasts that peaceful field-meeting with those of their forefathers in the days of the Covenant. "You have no arms in your hands—there are no watchmen posted on these silent hills. How great should be your gratitude!" Ere finishing, as if from an irresistible impulse, he takes occasion to enumerate the years of his own ministry; to allude to the tent-preachings of the past on that same

spot; to speak of those who once worshipped there, but who were now in a better world; and to talk of death as impending over his auditors and himself. He closes, and a thousand loosened breasts return him the truest applause. His word has been prophetic. Never more shall he preach at that tent. Never more shall he there see the June sun, hear the murmur of that silver Earn, on the sacramental Sabbath-day, or behold the thick daisies of that green sward where

"You scarce can see the grass for flowers."

Long ere summer has revolved, his manly form is to be consigned to yonder grave-yard on the west, which surrounds the parish-church with its spire. The sunshine of October is to look in upon his death-bed—his dying eye is to rest upon the autumn stubble—the fallen leaves are to play upon his grave—and that dreamy-eyed boy under the tree, is to awake one awful morning, and to encounter almost the bitterness of death as he feels himself *fatherless!*

'The services of the day go on. Part of the multitude now repair to the church where the communion is being celebrated, others remain at the tent, where a succession of ministers appear, and, with various degrees of power, unction, and eloquence, perpetuate the impression made by the opening sermon. We notice with peculiar interest one remarkable man preaching to the smallest audience that has been collected on that green to-day. Fit though few is his audience. Yet, note

well his aspect. His stature is tall—his brow not broad but lofty—anxiety and suffering have anticipated the work of age, instamping premature wrinkles on his forehead, and shedding premature specks of snow upon his head. His eye is small, sunk, self-involved—his face has retired into a dream; but on his lips there is carved a perpetual smile. He reads for his text, "Thy righteousness, also, O Lord, is very high." His manner, at first, is slow and embarrassed—his gesture is uncouth, and at times furious—his voice sometimes sinks into an inarticulate murmur, and is at times exaggerated to a yell; but, as he continues to preach, a strange fascination seems to exhale out of him—a fine train of thought is found to underlie the woof of his words, and you cry, "Is not this genius?" and when he speaks of the lofty righteousness of the Lord, and compares it to the inaccessible grandeur of the blue summer heaven, and points his finger up toward that "terrible crystal" in which the afternoon sun is now glowing, the climax is perfect, and you bow down melted and thrilled beneath the sublimity of his thought.

'The evening service is the most solemn of all. But here let us shift the scene six miles to the east, and look at another tent service there. It is taking place in a field, near the town of Crieff, and commands a more striking distant-amphitheatre of view than even the 'green' of Comrie. The dark mountains on the west are seen, relieved and softened in

outline against the far-off sky. Another chain, invisible from the banks of the Earn, appear in the north-west, resting against the horizon, like leaning Titans. Two of the loftiest of Scotland's mountains are here also seen—Benvoirlich and Stincknachreau —looking in, as from another world, over the tops of the inferior hills, and with sprinklings of snow on their brow, unmelted amid the blaze of June. Evening is casting its divine hues over this noble expanse of prospect. A large star or two has come out, and, like a quiet, thoughtful, happy eye, is watching the scene. The broad, pale, spectral moon

> "Has climbed the blue steep of the eastern sky,
> And sits and tarries for the coming night."

'The sun, meanwhile, is dying, like a king on a couch of gold, supported by the blue ethereal mountains, and with curtains of purple and crimson waving around the gorgeous bed. In such a scene the last preacher of the sacramental day begins its closing service, not unconscious of the interest of the circumstances, and the romance of the scene. Perhaps he selects the subject of the judgment-day, and to a silent and awe-struck throng describes the gathering of the clouds of doom—the tolling of the funereal bell of the universe—the going out of that sun, that moon, and those stars—the appearance of the Saviour in the sky—the rising of the dead—the commencement of the great trial—the judgment-seat—the books opened—the heavens and the earth fleeing away—and that final rolling in

sunder from each other of the two streams of moral being—those of the evil and the good—which, at this tremendous point, are to dispart and to meet no more for ever. Words would fail in describing the impression made by such a subject, treated amid such a scene. There was no outbreak of emotion, few tears, and no cries; but the soul of the whole assembly was touched to the quick—the faces of all, as they left the meeting, carried a soft, deep shadow upon them, and as they wound their way under a night canopy toward their homes, their hearts were softened and solemnised, and often their minds and language exalted to a pitch which now it is difficult to realise.'

CHAPTER VII.

Changes.

Father, I know that all my life
 Is portioned out for me,
And the changes that are sure to come
 I do not fear to see;
But I ask thee for a present mind,
 Intent on serving thee.

FOR seventeen years had Dr. Trotter laboured in his parish of Ceres with much favour among his parishioners, and not without signal marks of success. Here he had been working in the Lord's vineyard, treasuring up those stores of knowledge, forming those habits of thought, and gaining that facility in the discharge of ministerial duty, which were so soon to be called into requisition in a larger and more prominent sphere of activity. The church in Swallow-street, Piccadilly, London, being in want of a minister, overtures were made to Dr. Trotter, which, after careful inquiry, and much consideration and prayer, he was induced to accept, and accordingly removed to London in the winter of 1769. It was not without a severe struggle of feeling, both to himself and people, that he preached his farewell sermon, from the words of Paul to the elders of Ephesus (Acts xx. 25), 'And now, behold, I know that ye all, among whom I have gone preaching the

kingdom of God, shall see my face no more.' His son, who was then quite a child, narrates, in his autobiography, that there was a 'bonny large congregation,' and that his nurse told him 'there was not a dry eye in the kirk.' The change of air and scene was, however, very desirable for his somewhat delicate English wife, who had found the east winds that blow over the Fifeshire hills not a little trying to her constitution, and who was eager to breathe her native air and visit her friends again. With many most encouraging circumstances, Dr. Trotter commenced, in the great metropolis, that career of useful service which was prolonged to nearly forty years.

It would be interesting to call to mind the cotemporaries of the good man, both in the provinces south of the Border, and in the metropolis itself. It might add not a little to the interest of these rough and hasty sketches, to take a review of the work that was being done by his fellow-labourers in other parts of the Lord's vineyard, during the forty years from 1769 to 1808. In such a review, we should take a glimpse of Romaine, rector of Blackfriars, the most successful parish minister then in England; of Venn, at Huddersfield, who crowded the old church with attentive, joyful listeners; of good old John Berridge of Everton, and the rapturous Dr. Conyers of Helmsley, and the devoted Milne of Hull, and Grimshawe of Haworth, and Newton of Olney, and Cecil of Bedford-row, and Jones of

Llangan, all of whom, while devoted to the labours of their parish, were most useful as itinerants in other places. Then there was Thomas Scott, lecturing at the Lock Hospital and writing his 'Commentary;' and Wesley in labours more abundant, toiling and travelling, preaching and praying, till in a green old age, he was gathered to his rest. Whitefield had done his work, and had gone home. Sixteen years after Dr. Trotter came to London, the seraphic Fletcher went up from his pulpit in Colbrook Dale, to throw himself, as he said, 'under the wings of the cherubim, before the mercy-seat.' Doddridge had long ago finished his lectures to his class at Northampton, and his 'Family Expositor,' and had been translated from the 'green orange-groves and greener vineyards' of Lisbon to the fairer fields of the Paradise of God. The eloquent Lavington was preaching his sound and effective discourses at Bideford, and the clear-headed Andrew Fuller was thinking out and penning down his evangelic views at Kettering. And, as the last century drew to a close, good men clustered like stars, ranging themselves round some prominent principle of their common Christianity, hoping thus to shine with magnified brightness 'as lights of the world.' In such constellations we recognise the fathers and founders of those Bible, missionary, and other institutions which sprang up simultaneously, as if to reassert the vitality of Gospel principles, and the claims of their Divine Lord to inherit the

whole earth. But the time would fail to tell of Charles of Bala, and Bogue of Gosport, and Hughes of Battersea, and the Thorntons of Clapham, and William Wilberforce, and Lord Teignmouth, and Rowland Hill, and a great cloud of witnesses to the power and purity of the truth as it is in Jesus. Into this band, not to occupy a prominent post, but as a warm and cordial ally, entered Dr. Trotter, whose heart was large enough to embrace all who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity, and who was ready, on most occasions, to plead the cause of his Master in connexion with every denomination of Christians.

Among my youthful recollections are the pleasant hours of intercourse I enjoyed with the venerable John Clayton, of the Weigh House, during the '*otium cum dignitate*,' as some would term it, of his latter years. Often would he refer to my worthy ancestor, telling me how he officiated at his (Mr. C.'s) ordination in 1778, some half century back, and how he encouraged him in his early labours in the metropolis; and I could not but feel that the great grandson was indebted to his amiable ancestor for much of the kindness shown by the venerable Mr. Clayton to myself.

Soon after his arrival in London, Dr. Trotter was called to pass through the severest of earthly calamities, the loss of his beloved wife. It was in the year 1771, two years after they left Ceres, in the midst of hope and usefulness, that the desire of

his eyes was cut down as with a stroke. It was after the birth of her twelfth child this sudden translation took place. Her joyful departure and his own submissive temper under the affliction are beautifully shown in the brief memoir he afterwards published, and to perpetuate which, this present volume has been compiled. Among the blessings that resulted to Dr. Trotter from the trial, was the deep sympathy it excited among his friends in the ministry, as well as in private life. One beautiful instance of this was shown by his friend Dr. Gibbons, the biographer of Dr. Watts, who addressed to his bereaved brother the following verses, which, if not possessing the truest poetic fire, evince what the afflicted sufferer deemed of greater value, the warm glow of earnest Christian sympathy. It is for this reason I think them worthy of preservation.

THE CONSOLATION,

Or Verses on the Affecting Event of Mrs. Trotter's Death, addressed to the Bereaved Husband.

Touched with a tender sympathy of grief,
In the sharp stroke my brother has sustained,
Fain would the muse administer relief,
And ease the breast with throbbing anguish pained.

Revolve not o'er the happy days and years
You with your amiable consort spent,
To nourish thence your ever-streaming tears,
And thence with unavailing woes lament.

Say rather, what thanksgivings shall I raise
To heaven who such a precious boon bestowed,
So long to travel with me through the maze
Of life, so long to smooth the rugged road!

We are but pilgrims through a gloomy waste,
And if kind heaven has brightened half the way,
Let praises crown its love for favours past,
And trust its grace for ev'ry future day.

Has not your partner dropt her veil of clay,
And mounted to the empyreal seats above,
There in the visions of eternal day
T' enjoy her God, and triumph in his love?

Has she not left a shining track behind,
To guide your progress to the realms on high?
Think of the graces that adorned her mind,
And from her pattern learn to live and die.

You, by her death, one bond to earth dismiss,
The strongest bond that ever held your soul,
And gain as strong a tie t' immortal bliss;
Oh thither let your pure affections roll.

Methinks I hear her, from her bright abode,
Thus to your grief in pious accents speak:
'Stay not for me, fond man, the work of God,
Nor for my sake life's even tenor break.

'But for a few short days, or years at most,
I've passed before you to the promised rest;
Soon shall your spirit reach the happy coast,
And be with me of boundless bliss possest.

'Train up for God the children of our vows,
And take the father's and the mother's place;
Still, still a second Bethel be your house,
Filled with the incense of your prayers and praise.

'Live while you live, ply well your work divine,
Think not too much for souls can e'er be done,
In every grace—in every virtue shine,
And seize the golden moments as they run.

'Each day anticipate the promised skies—
Each day your ruffled pinions smooth for flight;
Start not from death! 'tis but to close your eyes,
And wake to raptures in the world of light.

'Then shall the friend, whose absence wounds your mind,
Meet your ascent, and hail you to your home,
Sorrow and death for ever left behind,
And all unbounded happiness to come.

'Meanwhile, farewell! If creature comforts die,
God, your eternal sun, can never fail;
His presence fills the glorious realms on high,
And shines propitious down your dusky vale.'

It would be beyond the intended scope of these pages to proceed with the narrative after the death of Mrs. Trotter in 1771. My object is to reproduce the religious life of the period then closing, and having given pictures of the golden age of earnest evangelical religion of the last century, so far as Dr. Trotter was connected with or influenced by the movement, it only remains to draw these sketches of his history to a close, and then to present pictures of the state of religion south of the Border during the girlhood of his beloved wife.

For thirty-nine years Dr. Trotter continued his labours in the metropolis, and during the latter part of that time was assisted by Dr. Nichol. He continued to preach till within a few months of his death, which took place, at the advanced age of eighty years. No bodily disease afflicted him, but nature sank from exhaustion, and he yielded up his life without a struggle, September 14, 1808. His long life of labour, his falling asleep from sheer weariness, and his entrance upon the rest that remaineth for all God's faithful servants, suggest many useful reflections.

The pains of death are past,
Labour and sorrow cease,
And, life's long warfare closed at last,
His soul is found in peace.

Soldier of Christ well done!
Praise be thy new employ,
And while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Saviour's joy!

The character of Dr. Trotter is thus summed up by his contemporaries: 'As a preacher, he explained with fidelity and affection the doctrines of the Gospel, and took care to introduce something in every sermon with a view to the consolation of the afflicted. He made himself well acquainted with his flock, visiting them frequently, especially in seasons of distress. Of Dr. Trotter it may be said, that his whole life was a practical commentary on his preaching. In the closing days of his pilgrimage he signified his firm belief in the doctrines he had taught, declaring that they were the support of his soul in the prospect of dissolution.'

In one of the religious periodicals of the day it is said, 'In the fifty-eighth year of his ministry he came to the grave, truly, like a shock of corn in its season—his hoary head bowed down at once with fruit and humility.' A hope is expressed by the Editor that an interesting memoir of the pastoral endowments and private virtues of this venerable servant of Jesus Christ, would be prepared; but the present writer regrets that such a record was never published, or the interest of these papers might have been greatly increased.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Catacombs of London.

BEFORE writing the concluding paragraphs of this portion of the story of my ancestors, I have laid down the pen, and made a second pilgrimage to his tomb. The spot is deeply interesting as the resting place of some of the most eminent saints of God, and is as crowded with Christian associations as it is with gravestones. In some respects, it is the most interesting of the Catacombs of London, and as truly and as touchingly teaches its lessons and commends the religion of Jesus, as do the Catacombs of Rome.

When in the city of Rome some years ago, I visited those subterranean galleries and caverns, which, having been quarried out by the builders of the Coliseum and some of Rome's earlier monuments, were the refuge and the sleeping place of Christ's flock for nearly three hundred years. From the time of the Apostle Paul's death in 64, A.D., to the edict of Galerius in 311, when the last persecu-

tion under the Cæsars terminated, the scattered flock here found a shelter, passed the weary, yet joyful days of their pilgrimage, and then laid themselves to sleep in the niches of these galleries until the resurrection morning. On their tombs were inscribed sentences telling of their sufferings and their solace under them, their faith and patience, their hope and joy, their forgiving spirit towards their enemies, and their loving spirit towards their friends. And now that for two hundred years these sepulchres have been thrown open, the living can learn the simplicity, the fervour, the purity, and the power of the faith of Christ in its palmiest days, and, by contrast, the corruptions, the cruelties, the lying wonders, and the manifold abominations of that base mimicry of Christ's religion—the Papacy.

But in this London of ours there is a spot containing as much of the sacred dust of Christ's followers, as perhaps any other city of the dead. I mean not Westminster Abbey, where in pomp and splendour, with many a storied monument, lie the gifted and the great, poets, philosophers, statesmen, princes and monarchs. Nor do I mean St. Paul's Cathedral, where rest honoured and titled heroes, who have commanded our fleets and armies, have fought our country's battles, and have died, some on the field of their so-called glory, and others amid the heaped-up honours and rewards of an illustrious old age. 'Tis true, beneath the dome and vaulted roofs of these venerable piles, you meet with the

gilded shrines, the splendid mausoleums, the pompous marble mementoes, which teach their lessons of patriotism and philanthropy, and as truly the vanity of all human glory; but in the humble resting-place of the dead to which I refer, you learn lessons of higher meaning and of more indubitable worth, showing at once the value of the religion of Jesus, its purity and power in life, and its peace that passeth understanding, and joy unspeakable, in the article of death.

In the Catacombs to which I refer, rest more than three hundred devoted ministers of Christ, and ten thousands of his saints. From the year of our Glorious Revolution until this day, a multitude that no man can number have here been gathered to their fathers. And to feel an interest in the spot it is only necessary to be informed that among the number are such eminent names as John Bunyan, Dr. Owen, Theophilus Gale, the author of the 'Court of the Gentiles;' George Burder, author of 'Village Sermons;' Dr. Gill, author of the 'Exposition of the Old and New Testaments;' Dr. Thomas Goodwin, author of 'Redemption Redeemed,' and other works; Joseph Hughes, the first Secretary of the Bible Society; John Hyatt, with his colleague Matthew Wilks, of the Tabernacle; Hansard Knollys, the renowned Baptist; Neal, the historian of the Puritans; Dr. Simpson, author of the 'Plea for Religion;' Dr. Rippon, Dr. Waugh, and Dr. Watts, the sweet singer of our Israel. Perhaps my reader

has often passed the spot to which I refer. It may be that next time he goes near it, he will feel a deeper interest, and will think of Bunhill Fields as indeed one of the most storied of the Catacombs of London.

As I paced the alleys of this famous burying-ground, many were the reflections suggested by the inscriptions on the tombs, and the memories of their occupants. I could not but indulge in the emotion of *gratitude* to God for that progress in civil and religious liberty which has been made since these tombs were first opened. I called to mind how many of the inmates had suffered for conscience' sake. I thought of Hansard Knollys, who was thrown into Newgate gaol with four hundred others, and how he passed many years in voluntary exile, that he might worship God according to his conscience. I thought of another who was confined in Bedford jail for twelve years for preaching the Gospel, and whose prison became another Patmos, from whose dreary solitudes emanated that wondrous allegory, the Pilgrim's Progress. And as I contrasted those days with the present, I could not but cherish thankful emotions, that we can worship God under our own vine and fig-tree, none daring to make us afraid.

Again, I thought of *the influence of character after death*. There are departed saints in these Catacombs whose influence is enduring, and, like ointment poured forth, is purifying, refreshing, and stimulating

the Church of God. 'The wicked are not so;' their memory is a pestilence only to be pitied, scorned, and condemned; even as the everlasting Book has declared—'the name of the wicked shall rot.' And as the breeze passed by me, I seemed to catch the soft but dirge-like strains:

Lives of greatest men remind us
We may make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footsteps on the sands of time;—
Footsteps that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main—
Some forlorn and shipwrecked brother
Seeing, may take heart again.

Again, many voices seemed to say, as in trumpet notes, '*Work while it is called day;*' and by the example of their own life-long diligence and zeal, summoned me to earnest and unwearied activity. How many of these famous men bound themselves early to the work of God, and slackened not until their work was done! How many bore the yoke, the blessed yoke of Christ-like benevolence in their youth, and died in harness.

Dr. Waugh laboured in the Gospel 47 years, Dr. Watts 50 years, Dr. Trotter 57, Watts Wilkinson 62, and the worthy Bradbury 64. Some of this great cloud of witnesses were men of close study, setting themselves to intermeddle with all knowledge, like Thomas Jowle, who died in 1806, at the age of 83, of whom Mr. Kingsbury said, 'He was one of the most patient, penetrating, and investigat-

ing *readers* of books I ever knew.' Others were men of ceaseless and multifarious effort, like Benjamin Robinson, who, on his dying bed, "had the witness in himself that from the time of his first devoting himself to his Lord and Master, Jesus Christ, in the honourable and blessed work of the ministry, he made it his business to serve him faithfully to that very day." Others were men of intense application, wondrous versatility, and immense learning, like Dr. Andrew Gifford, who was 27 years sub-librarian at the British Museum, 60 years a minister, and who died at the age of 84. Dr. Rippon says of him, 'His heart was in his work; and on some occasions it might be said of him, *Vividus vultus, vividi oculi, vividæ manus, denique omnia vivida*; his countenance was alive, his eyes were alive, his hands were alive—in short, all were alive. If ever any man was *all-alive* in the public service of God, Dr. Gifford was that man.' Were we to crystallize the noble lesson of diligence and zeal inculcated by these examples, we would say—

Toil, toil, toil,
Nor weary nor growing faint;
Toil, toil, toil,
With a heart that knows no plaint.
'Go, work in the vineyard;' you shall find
Enough to employ life, body, and mind,
And a rich reward and a Master kind—
Toil, toil, toil.

Again, I thought, what arguments for the *reality and power of religion* might be gathered from these

Catacombs. I know it is the fashion now-a-days and particularly amongst young men, to speak of religion as a weak, maudlin thing, fit only for women and children, or for men in the growing imbecility of old age. Perhaps some modes of presenting religion have tended to foster this. But it is most illegitimate and unfair. Nor is this mere mistake, it is wilful misrepresentation. Those who thus speak of it, know well, or might do so, that the religion of Jesus Christ, in its most earnest and spiritual form, is a *real power*. It affects man through every avenue by which his highly endowed and immortal nature can be approached. It lays its foundations in the deepest depths of conscience. It commends its claims to the highest dictates of reason. It appeals with persuasive power to the most stirring emotions. It rouses his gloomiest fears, it realises his most glowing hopes. It lays hold of his warmest sympathies, drawing with 'the cords of love, the bands of a man.' No means of influence are lost sight of; but the whole man is led captive to the obedience of faith. Talk of power—what power in the world so mighty as the Gospel of Christ! Combine, if you will, all the sources of power in the world; bring to one focus the accumulated influence of the politics, the philosophies, the poetry, the sciences of earth, and they shall fail to produce changes and results so mighty and so blessed as the 'Gospel of Christ, which is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth.' What power

so real and so incalculable, on individuals and communities! Has it not civilized the barbarous, and sanctified polished but pagan tribes? Has it not, by its general influence, changed whole peoples, and converted and elevated individuals? How many, lying in these catacombs, were monuments of its power! There was one from the quiet town of Sherborne in Dorsetshire, the companion of the dissolute, indulging his ardent passions in grossest vice, and no one seemed farther from the kingdom of God. But, in mercy, God appeared to that young man and won him by the love of the cross. The love of Christ constrained him, and he became a most laborious and useful minister of Jesus Christ; and long will it be ere John Hyatt, co-pastor with Matthew Wilks of the Tabernacle, will be forgotten by the Christians of the metropolis. Nor can we forget that other notorious profligate, who might be seen on a Sabbath evening playing at 'pitch and toss' on Elstow Green, a very pestilence to the neighbourhood, until by 'grace abounding,' he was led to set out as a pilgrim to the celestial city, and became the hero of his own Holy War. In such as these and a thousand similar instances, has not the Gospel proved itself to be a divine and saving power, 'the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth?'

But the grand truth which is specially upborne by the testimony of the 'great cloud of witnesses,' who people these Catacombs, is the *value of the*

atonement of the Lord Jesus. As this is the Alpha and Omega of the Gospel, so the tribute paid to its worth and power by the saints who here sleep in Jesus, is decided and affecting. 'Were it not for that blessed doctrine of the atonement I should sink, I should be undone. Atonement! atonement!' such are the dying exclamations of Dr. Nicol who was for years the colleague of Dr. Trotter at Swallow Street. 'Well, my brother,' said Matthew Wilks to John Hyatt, 'if you had a hundred souls, could you commit them all to Christ *now?*' With a mighty and convulsive effort he replied, '*A million!*' 'I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed to him against that day;' such is the language of Paul, and such the joyful experience of a great multitude which no man can number. And this is all we need to feel. There is no mystery about the matter. Jesus, as our Advocate, may safely be entrusted with our cause. He that died for our justification—He is able to save unto the uttermost. This is enough. We need no more, if, as little children, we would enter the kingdom. Such was the experience of David Nasmith, the founder of City Missions, who now sleeps in these Catacombs. 'There is nothing but the simple truth that will be of any avail to us in extremity. I am a sinner; Christ is my Saviour. I can let all else go: the finished work of Christ is all my hope.' 'They are the *plain* promises of the Gospel which

are my support,' said the dying Dr. Watts, 'and I bless God they are plain promises, which do not require labour or pains to understand them. I believe them enough to venture an eternity upon them.' The same testimony to the supporting power of the atonement was borne by Vavassor Powel, the Whitefield of Wales, who was buried here in 1670. 'O now I find more in that word,' said he, 'than ever I did before—"they overcame by the blood of the Lamb."'

And thus we might pass from tomb to tomb gathering tributes of no dubious character to the worth of the atonement of our Lord and Saviour, and crowns to deck his blessed brow. In the Catacombs at Rome are inscriptions mutilated and imperfect, which, although like broken sobs, or stifled murmurs, do yet testify to the blessedness of the faith in Christ: but from these Catacombs of London, or rather from the well-recorded testimonies of its sleeping saints, rise not broken sobs, or stifled murmurs, but full-toned utterances, like the sound of many waters, pouring in one glorious flood of triumph and of praise:—'Who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died, yea, rather that is risen again, who also maketh intercession for us. Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us. For I am persuaded

that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.'—Rom. viii. 34—39.

In this honoured burial ground, amid this great cloud of witnesses, lies Dr. Trotter. I found his humble stone on the right hand side of the central alley, about three parts of the distance from the entrance. With peculiar interest I read the following inscription :—

'Sacred to the memory of the Rev. John Trotter, D.D., formerly minister of the parish of Ceres, in the County of Fyfe, North Britain, and for the space of thirty-nine years, minister of the Scotch Church, Swallow Street, Piccadilly. As a man, through the course of a long life, he manifested the strictest integrity; as a Christian, unaffected piety and benevolence; as a faithful and affectionate pastor, zeal tempered with judgment and candour, with an unwearied attention to the sick and poor of his flock, and an ardent desire to promote the best interests of mankind. He lived beloved and died respected. Ob. 14. Sept., 1808. Æt. 81.'

PART II.

THE PASTOR'S WIFE.

WOMAN.

As thou hast been created fair,
 And beautiful in form,
So be it thy first wish and aim
 Thy spirit to adorn
With meekness and humility,
 And love both pure and warm.

Oh! be thou like an instrument,
 On whose responsive chords,
Sorrow and joy alike may find
 Accompaniment to words,
And mingle their sweet voices
 With its musical accords.

THE DOVE ON THE CROSS.

CHAPTER I.

A Family Picture a Hundred Years Ago.

Content with little, yet aspiring high;
Sparing no pains for immortality;
Low in the world, but for salvation wise;
Though scorned by faithless fools as too precise.
O my dear God, how precious is thy love!
Such thou wilt take to dwell with thee above.—BAXTER.

AS the sketch of Dr. Trotter's life brought us into the capital of the Northern kingdom a hundred and twenty years ago, the brief notice we shall take of the history of his pious lady will bring us into the Southern metropolis to view the events then passing, so far as they affected the principles and history of that class of the religious community, among whom it pleased God her lot should be cast. Born to the inheritance of those principles with which Milton and Locke, Matthew Henry, Dr. Watts, Philip Doddridge, and a mighty host of other gifted spirits had identified their ecclesiastical existence, it is interesting to find that in her time they were beginning to be better understood by all classes of the community, and to be viewed by the throne itself as closely allied to the foundations of a wise, righteous, liberal, and constitutional government. The troublous times of the Stuarts had passed away. No good men were now put in prison for non-

attendance upon the worship established by law, or for preaching the Gospel without episcopal ordination, as had been the case with John Bunyan. No minister now had his ears cropped, and his nose slit, and carried with him to his dying day a brand for disapproving of the semi-papistic doings of the High-church party, as had been the case with the father of Archbishop Leighton. No holy apostolic servant of Christ, like Baxter, was now dragged to the bar of a corrupt and infamous judge, like Jeffries, and there exposed to all the ribaldry and insult which malice and bigotry could invent. The star of liberty which rose with the good King William III. had been long shining, and although its lustre had been dimmed by the introduction of the Occasional Conformity and Schism Bills under Queen Anne, yet it was the glory of the House of Hanover, on their accession to the throne, 'to set themselves instantly and heartily to unravel the web woven by her bigoted hand to entangle the consciences of her subjects. The lovers of liberty, the patrons of the rights of conscience, will ever cherish the memory of him who founded the regal dynasty of the House of Brunswick.' And those who have ever been foremost in the advocacy of civil and religious freedom 'must, with peculiar delight, tell their children how he came to snatch their dearest liberties from threatened destruction; with what dignified firmness he covered their churches with the broad shield of justice; how

many of their present privileges were restored to them by his administration; and how much more he intended, which the ignorance and intolerance of the times forbade him to accomplish; while they will ever close the grateful detail with the observation—such was the father of the family which now inherits the British throne.'

But although the prospects of liberty were brighter, the spiritual condition of the people, both within and without the Established Church was anything but satisfactory. One of the most devoted of her ministers now living, Mr. Ryle, in his 'Lecture on Whitefield,' says that 'the curse of black Bartholomew-day seemed to rest upon our church. For at least a century, after casting out two thousand of the best ministers in England, our Establishment never prospered.' With equal truth he describes the condition of those outside the National Establishment, of whom he says, they were 'only a few degrees better. The toleration which they enjoyed from William the Third's time was certainly productive of a very bad spiritual effect on them as a body. As soon as they ceased to be persecuted, they appear to have gone to sleep;' and yet there were some delightful exceptions. Gill, and Guyse, and Doddridge, and Watts, and a few of like mind, were doing much by their preaching and writings to elevate the tone of spiritual feeling, and to spread in the community the influence of vital, earnest Christianity. Around them gathered a few of the

choicest spirits of all ranks, but especially of the middle classes. 'The days had gone by when Philip Lord Wharton might be seen in his pew in Silver Street, and Howe used to go down on horseback to Woburn to see his friend the Duke of Bedford, and old Lady Hewley's lumbering coach rolled to St. Saviour's-gate meeting house, in the city of York.' But although Nonconformity had lost some of its dignified allies, among its ranks could be numbered Sir H. Edwin and Sir Thomas Abney, two celebrated aldermen of London, and 'it lacked not steady supporters among respectable merchants, tradesmen, and artizans, or among decent yeomen and their dependents. The loss of caste at court was made up by the favour it found among the commonalty.'

Into the family of a respectable citizen of London, who had a printing and publishing establishment in the busiest thoroughfare in the city, and who there brought up his family in the doctrine and precepts of the Gospel, our narrative brings us. It is peculiarly refreshing, amid the controversies and spiritual coldness and death of that period, to enter the bosom of a family where primitive Christianity in its simplicity and power is a living thing, regulating the habits and temper and arrangements of the whole household. To the earnest Christian of any denomination, it is particularly gratifying to turn from the court where kings delight to patronise and honour such men as Bolingbroke and Chesterfield—from the coffee-house, where spiritual Christianity

was scouted, and the 'Spectator,' and the 'Tatler,' and 'Roderick Random,' and 'Peregrine Pickle,' met with a heartier reception—from the cold controversies about the 'Religion of Nature' and the 'Being of a God,' and when Christianity was looked upon by its professed and professional adherents as needing 'Apologies,' and little more,—I say it is cheering for the spirit to turn from such a state of things, and to enter a tradesman's family in the Poultry, where religion was made not a thing of profession, but a life. Seldom has a sweeter scene of domestic peace and joy been witnessed than in the families of some of the Nonconformists of this period. The picture presented by the family of Philip Henry at Broad Oak, is but one of a large number among the middle classes of that and a later period. Somewhat of the reality of such a picture you will witness in that house in the Cheapside. As you enter the shop and printing-office you see proofs of that diligence in business which proves fervour in piety more sincere and affecting. As you look round on the sobriety, and punctuality, and assiduity with which business is conducted, you will see how it was that Nonconformist tradesmen became men of substance, and rose to positions of great influence among their fellow-citizens. You pass through the shop, or enter from the street at the private door, and you find the family either in the 'parlour' down stairs at the back, or in the front room above—for at that time the successful tradesman had not a house

at Hampstead or Highgate, or even Islington or Chelsea. The family lived on the premises, for with all their prosperity, there was in the class of families we are describing, 'a frugality, an economical arrangement of their affairs, a distance from parade and show; and they lived under, rather than above, their rank and circumstances in life.' As you enter the family circle and converse with the quiet matronly-looking mother, and then round upon those ruddy boys, and these blooming girls, you will be favourably impressed with the orderly, rational, yet withal most cheerful aspect characterising the whole. Converse with those children, and you shall find them give as intelligent answers as children can be supposed to give about their lessons, or their walks to the Tower and the Docks, to Somerset House and Moorfields, to Islington and Stoke Newington; or they will tell you of Robinson Crusoe, lately published, and Fox's Book of Martyrs, and the new History of England by Goldsmith. Spend a few hours or a day in that family, and you shall see finer qualities yet; you shall see a prevailing spirit of kindness and family affection promoted and sustained by the example and influence of their parents, whose anxiety is to correct wrong tendencies, check the sudden outbreaks of selfishness and petulance, and inculcate habits of self-control and affection. You will not hear much of the last singer at the opera, or the last performed play of Garrick, or the last court intrigue, or

the next execution at Tyburn, or the approaching ball, but for all that, you will find the young people quite as cheerful, quite as sensible, and equally as well-behaved as in families where excitement and gaiety, vanity and sin, are made the great object of existence. Such is the picture of what we may call the outer life of this family, but there lies beneath it all an inner life, spiritual in its motives and high and holy in its aims, and based upon a belief in the most vital truths of the Gospel. While anxious to promote correct behaviour in their children, Mr. and Mrs. Oswald were solicitous that such should result from a cordial reception of the most spiritual principles of the religion of Jesus. They were zealous about 'good works' in themselves and their offspring, but they were anxious that works should be the fruits of their faith in Jesus, and of love to their fellow-creatures. Hence they trained them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. They furnished them with opportunities of spiritual instruction, and like the pious mother and grandmother of Timothy, instilled into their minds an early love for, and knowledge of, the Holy Scriptures, which, by God's grace, were able to make them wise unto salvation. 'It was the goodly custom among pious Nonconformists of that time, for the master of the family to call his household together, to read the Scriptures and to offer up prayer and praise to God. Where they had the requisite skill they made a pleasing addition by the singing of

psalms and hymns.' Many of these good people industriously contrived to hold this service at the most suitable hours for the younger branches of the family; and in those days before the discovery of gas and the lighting up of our cities and towns, when late shopping was not so common as in more recent times, it was more convenient to have the family worship early in the evening, making it, as Matthew Henry says, 'the business of every day, and not, as too many make it, the bye-business.' All other affairs were made easily and naturally to fall into subservience, and this practice 'proved a great preserver of order and decency in the family, and was like a hem to all their other business to keep it from ravelling.' Let it not be supposed that such exercises were a weariness to the children, or rendered religion distasteful; no, it is only where such things are gone through as dry forms, without any rational desire to interest and instruct the children, that the practice is burdensome to the young. But where the children are viewed as the lambs of the flock, and a portion is distributed to them in a manner adapted to their youthful minds and feelings—where the thing is set about with an earnest and intelligent desire so to break up truth into morsels that the youngest capacity can take it in—then, as in the case of this family, religious instruction is pleasant, and the services of prayer and praise are a delight. It was thus with another family of Nonconformists at a period a little before

this. 'Such an excellent faculty the father had of rendering religion the most sweet and amiable employment in the world; and so careful was he, like Jacob, to drive as the little ones could go.' Such a description of parental effort will, I am persuaded, in some degree, apply to many other Nonconformist families of that age, besides that of the good Philip Henry.

But a peculiar excellence characterised the heads of such families at that time, and that was 'their attention to the secret exercises of devotion. Morning and evening they had their seasons of retirement; and according to their degrees of leisure or piety, half-an-hour, an hour, or more, was employed in reading the Scriptures, in perusing the most spiritual writings, chiefly of the Puritans and Nonconformists, in meditation, in self-examination, and in prayer. From these employments they came forth into the bosom of their family and to the duties of their station in society, with a reverence for God which communicated sanctity to their temper and integrity to their conduct.' Let any one read the Diaries of Mrs. Savage, Mrs. Rowe, or Mrs. Housman, or Mr. Williams of Kidderminster, and they will be able to form a tolerable idea of the way in which such hours of retirement were spent by the spiritually-minded Christians of that day. And truly, to us who look back upon those times and the habits of devotion and lives of purity and usefulness which these despised Nonconformists led,

it does appear that they passed the few short years of their probation on earth in a manner far more rational and profitable and happy, than the frequenters of the coffee-houses, theatres, taverns, and ball-rooms of that day. Yes, we cannot but confess that we would rather spend our life in the quiet, religious way that worthy ministers like Matthew Henry and Dr. Watts, and pious private Christians like Mr. and Mrs. Oswald, passed theirs, than in the occupations and society sought by Goldsmith, and Garrick, and Chesterfield, and Swift.

CHAPTER II.

Dr. Watts, Whitefield, and Dr. Guyse.

"The Puritans and Nonconformists were the prevailing and influential spirits of the age. It was by the fervid enthusiasm which breathed throughout their published writings and spoken addresses, that the whole nation was electrified."—Rev. J. Davis, B.D., Rector of Gateshead.

INTO the bosom of such a family, in the year 1734, was Elizabeth Oswald (afterwards Mrs. Trotter) born. It was at the very period at which Whitefield, with the two Wesleys, was undergoing that spiritual transformation in Pembroke College, Oxford, which was to issue in so large a blessing to these realms, and was to tell so mightily in its influence on the character and destiny for life of her own future husband.

Little is left to inform us of the facts of Miss Oswald's earliest years. That she had been blessed with a good education, provided with suitable books, surrounded by holy parental influence; that she was possessed of a sweet and lively disposition, and endowed with that happy cheerful temperament that loves to look at all things on the brighter side, is sufficiently evident from the scanty records that remain. And more than this. It is delightfully true that she had been so carefully trained in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, and the Spirit

of Truth had so overruled and blessed the various means employed, as early and effectually to win her young heart to the love of the Saviour and of the truth as it is in him.

Among the chief circumstances that tended to form her decided Christian character, were the example and influence of her pious mother. When on her dying-bed, Mrs. Trotter spoke of the care her beloved parent had taken with her religious training. 'I remember when I was very young,' she said, 'with what pleasure I used to sit with my mother and hear her speak upon religion. She made me get by heart many of Dr. Watts' sweet hymns, which were then, and have been often since, refreshing to my soul.' Mrs. Oswald was not the first nor the last Christian mother who has devoted herself to the spiritual training of her offspring, and who has been rewarded by seeing the blessed results of her loving toils. 'Twas thus with Augustine, who loved, in after life, to tell of the efforts and prayers of his pious mother, Monica, and how, after a season of ungodliness and wretchedness, his conversion delighted that mother's patient but disconsolate spirit. 'Twas thus with Doddridge, who loved to tell how his devoted parent, 'with loving simplicity and graphic power, amplified the scenes of holy writ depicted on the blue Dutch tiles, which according to the fashion of that day, lined the chimney corner. And that domestic incident has come to be looked on as a sort of poetic legend in Nonconformist bio-

graphy; as it may well be, when one remembers that the little fellow, leaning on his mother's knee, and following the direction of her finger, and listening to her simple, easy words, was the destined author of the "Family Expositor.' Some such picture is called up to the mind by Mrs. Trotter's graphic allusion to the 'pleasure' with which she sat by her mother's side and listened to her loving and reverent words upon the subject that lay so near her heart. And clear and cheering, one would think, must have been that mother's views of the love of God in Jesus, when she could, by her converse, so deeply interest and impart such positive 'pleasure' to the attentive little girl that sat at her knee. Happy are the children whose early years are crowded with such delightful associations as these; and blessed are those mothers whose care is thus to train from the earliest days of thought in the nurture and admonition of the Lord!

Another circumstance must not be passed over, since it is interesting in itself, and furnishes one more among the many thousands of instances in which a good man may, by small as well as great efforts, prove a blessing to his race. 'My mother made me get by heart many of Dr. Watts' sweet hymns, which were then, and have been often since, refreshing to my soul.'

While Elizabeth Oswald was sitting by her mother's knee learning the 'Divine songs,' their gifted author was quietly passing a green old age in the suburban village of Stoke Newington. Here,

beneath the hospitable roof of his friend Sir Thomas Abney, his six-and-thirty years' visit was drawing to a close. And surely it would have helped to soothe his weary yet chastened spirit, during those years of continual wakefulness, to know that a little girl in the Poultry, amongst thousands elsewhere, was learning his infant songs, and laying them up in her memory to be her solace in many a dark day of sorrow, and at length upon her dying-bed. 'They are the plain promises of the Gospel which are *my* support, and I bless God they *are* plain promises which do not require labour or pains to *understand* them; for I can do nothing *now* but look into my Bible for some promise to support me, and live upon that.' Such are the venerable man's utterances in the night season, when God's statutes were his songs in the house of his pilgrimage. Dear old man! gladly would hundreds and thousands have ministered to thee in that trying season, but the kind sympathy of affection was near thee, and angelic ministrations were not wanting, and the great Comforter, the God of consolation, and the great High Priest, were tenderly present to smooth thy dying pillow!

'Oh, Watts! gentle-hearted old man! did you ever foresee the universal interest which would link itself to your name among the innocent hearts of earth? Did angels reveal to you in your death-hour, how many a dying child would murmur your pleasant hymns as its farewell to earth?—how many

living children repeat them as their most familiar notions of prayer? Did you foresee that in your native land, and wherever its language is spoken, the purer and least sinful portion of the ever shifting generations would be trained with your words? And now, in that better world of glory, do the souls of young children crowd around you? Do you hold sweet converse with those who, perhaps, were first led into the track of glory by the faint light which the sparks of your soul left on earth? Do they recognize you, the souls of our departed little ones —souls of the children long ago dead—souls of the children of the living—lost and lamented, and then fading from memory like sweet dreams? It may be so; and that when the great responsible gift of authorship is accounted for, your crown will be brighter than that bestowed on philosophers and sages.'

But not only were there the sacred influences of domestic piety surrounding the girlhood of Miss Oswald. Among the Nonconformists of that period great regularity was observed in attending the ministry of devoted preachers of that day. At that time early lectures were in fashion and were well attended. And in the various chapels of the metropolis might be heard men of learning, piety, and zeal, that would be an honour to any age and any denomination. It appears that Mr. Oswald, with his family, was connected with the Independent Church in New Broad Street, then under the ministerial care

of Dr. Guyse, the popular preacher, and author of the 'Paraphrase on the New Testament.' This would appear to have been the spiritual home of the family; but there is reason to believe that they availed themselves of opportunities of hearing other distinguished men who were then exciting interest in the public mind.

At that time the most popular and useful preacher in London was Whitefield. Crowds, to the number of ten thousand, fifteen thousand, and thirty thousand, were then wont to hear him in Moor Fields, in Hackney Fields, in Marylebone Fields, in May Fair, in Smithfield, on Kennington Common, on Blackheath, Sunday after Sunday. I think it highly probable that Mr. Oswald, with some of his family, would avail himself of some of the many opportunities afforded of hearing the great preacher. Though no record of the fact remains, it would be easy to draw a probable picture of one such Sabbath as many Nonconformist families then passed. From the scanty materials in my hands let me draw an imaginary sketch of such a Sabbath.

It is a bright summer's morning, and it has been announced that Whitefield is to preach in Moor Fields at six o'clock. And this spot being more accessible than many others, an unusually large concourse of people are streaming through all the streets and thoroughfares leading to that famous preaching-ground. There may be seen old and young, masters and apprentices, journeymen and mechanics. There

is the weaver from Spitalfields and the lightermen from the Thames, and profligates from the streets, and drunkards from the tavern. And there are lawyer's clerks from the Temple, and poor literary men from Fleet Street, and the substantial tradesman with some of his elder children from Eastcheap or the Poultry, and possibly one or two titled folks from the West. Whitefield appears in the pulpit a few minutes before the services commence. He is in his best health and spirits, and has just returned from a long tour in Scotland, where for weeks together he has been addressing thousands of hearers twice a-day. He comes with the bearing of a conqueror, and, with earnest look and devout manner, opens with prayer, during which there is breathless silence and deep seriousness throughout that immense concourse of immortal beings. At length he announces his text. We will suppose it is that verse on which he preached one of his most powerful and effective discourses—'This is my beloved Son. Hear him.' He opens up the mighty theme. He describes the gorgeous scene on the holy mount. With most graphic power he dwells on every particular: the bright cloud, the glistening countenance, the heavenly visitants, the overpowered and bewildered disciples, the wondrous theme of holy converse, the voice from the cloud summoning human attention, the unequivocal acknowledgment of the Father, and the imperative command, 'Hear him.' The vast crowds have hung on the preacher's lips

with rapt attention. And now, summoning up all the power of 'glance, tone, gesture, and uniting all the varied expressions of his being' into one final overpowering appeal, he exclaims:—'Did the Father say, "This is my beloved Son, hear him?" Then let every one of our hearts echo to this testimony given of Christ, "This is my beloved Saviour." Did God so love the world as to send his only begotten Son—his well-beloved Son to preach to us? Then, my dear friends, *hear him.* What God said seventeen hundred years ago, immediately, by a voice from heaven, concerning his Son upon the mount, that same thing God says to you immediately by his word, "Hear him." If ye never heard him before, hear him now. Hear him so as to take him to be your Prophet, Priest, and King; hear him, so as to take him to be your God and your all. Hear him to-day, *ye youth,* while it is called to-day; hear him now lest God should cut you off before you have another invitation to hear him; hear him while he knocks at the door of your souls, lest you should hear him saying, "Depart, depart ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels." Hear him, ye old and grey-headed; hear him, ye that have one foot in the grave; hear him, I say; and if ye are dull of hearing, beg of God to open the ears of your hearts and your blind eyes; beg of God that you may have an enlarged and a believing heart, and that ye may know what the Lord God saith concerning you. God will resent

it; he will avenge himself on his adversaries, if you do not hear a blessed Saviour. He is God's Son, he is God's beloved Son; he came upon a great errand, even he shed his precious blood for sinners; he came to cleanse you from all sin, and to save you with an everlasting salvation. Ye who have heard him, *hear him again*; still go on, believe in, and obey him, and by and by, you shall hear him saying, "Come ye blessed of my father, receive the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world."'

The preacher closes the service, and after it holds what he terms a 'levee of wounded souls,' with whom he converses, and to whom he explains even more simply and familiarly the glorious theme on which he has preached, as it bears upon their cases. The rest of the crowd disperse in all directions, some to their pleasure, some to their work, some to serious thoughtfulness and prayer, like stricken deer apart, and others to prepare for the regular services at their wonted places of worship.

Among this latter number, we can suppose Mr. Oswald wending his way back to the Poultry, with that thoughtful and somewhat matronly looking girl of seventeen hanging on his arm. She has not forgotten the portion of the sermon addressed to the young, and feels that it was meant for her.

And now breakfast and family prayer are over, and it draws near the hour of wonted Divine service in New Broad Street; and there you may see

father and mother with their boys and girls and the servant too, all wending their way up by the Old Royal Exchange, threading the narrow streets until they arrive at the chapel, and reverently take their seats in the old-fashioned, square family pew; and many a similar quiet, orderly, respectable household shall you see there some minutes before the service begins, composing their thoughts and waiting with prayerfulness of spirit the commencement of worship. And now the venerable blind preacher is led to the pulpit by his able coadjutor in the ministry, his affectionate son. Beneath that curly, large-proportioned wig is a brow lined with the furrows of thought, and under that roomy, all-enveloping gown is a frame that has endured much fatigue and done much service in its day. Those withered and feeble hands have often guided the pen in writing down the clear and earnest thoughts, which on a large range of subjects, doctrinal, practical, and controversial, he has been led to publish; and that tremulous voice has for nearly sixty years proclaimed with much fervour and force the most vital truths of the everlasting Gospel. Deep interest attaches to the character and history of that venerable man, who from the fulness of his ripened experience pours out such streams of useful thought without help of Bible or sermon book. He did not always possess that fluency and self-command. He had been accustomed to write his sermons and to read them, according

to the practice of that age. His language would therefore be more studied, and his delivery more formal. But all this has passed away, and, being compelled to trust to his own resources of thought and language, he speaks more naturally, popularly, and forcibly. No wonder his congregation rejoiced in the change, and formed a higher appreciation of the practical results of it to the doctor and his flock. We can therefore understand the force of the old lady's observation, who, after one of the blind doctor's sermons, exclaimed, 'Doctor, I wish you had been blind these twenty years; for you never preached so good a sermon in your life, as you have done to-day.' Upon which his biographers remark very sagely, 'We wish no man blind that he may be a better preacher; but we wish all to preach in a natural, simple, instructive, animated, and affectionate manner, while they have eyes to see.'

A manifold interest gathers around that venerable blind man. Born so far back as 1680 in the quiet country town of Hertford, he passed his early years amid the rural beauties, and not scanty historic associations, of that neighbourhood. In those meadows, called the King's Meads, from King Alfred, who here defeated the Danes by diverting the current of the Lea, he roamed about; with that hoary castle, telling of the times of Edward the Elder, Alfred's son, and storied with memories of the past, he grew familiar. There, in that picturesque

church-yard of All Saints, with its avenue of noble horse-chesnuts and limes—the common rendezvous of the juveniles from time immemorial—he passed many a happy, gleesome hour. And now boyhood has past away, and we find him a laborious and successful student under a Mr. Payne of Saffron Walden. Having finished his studies for the ministry, he returned to his native town, and became assistant to the ejected minister, Mr. Haworth, who then was pastor of the Congregational Church at Hertford. On the death of Mr. Haworth he became sole pastor, and when, shortly after, the enemies of the Gospel questioned the Divinity of the Saviour, he resisted boldly their mischievous attempts, and with reverent hand replaced the crown upon his Lord's dishonoured brow. His work on the Divinity of Christ appeared in 1719, and a second on the Divinity of the Holy Spirit in 1721.

It was in 1727, after many years' assiduous reading and reflection in the retirement of this country town, and in consequence of the loss of health, that he removed to London, and there found a wider and more fitting field for the exercise of his ripened powers. During his labours in London, both in pulpit preparations and pastoral visitations, he enjoyed great respect among his brother ministers, and success in his work, and published several books which were warmly welcomed by a goodly circle of attached readers. But his great work was his 'Para-

phrase on the New Testament,' which, with the 'Family Expositor' of Doddridge, did much to elevate the literary character of the Nonconformists of that day, and had a very extensive circulation. Of the Paraphrase it has been said, that 'there is scarcely a book wherein students will find in so narrow a compass, so great a variety of excellent ideas on almost every text.'

And when the venerable man had finished his work, and, at a period somewhat later than the one we are now referring to, was called to go down into the dark valley, none could do so with firmer step or more joyous heart. 'I am not afraid of death; I am afraid lest I should err on the other side in being too desirous of it,'—'thanks be to God I have no doubt, no difficulty in my mind as to my eternal state; if I had, I could not bear what I now feel. I know in whom I have believed: here my faith rests.' It was in the year 1761 as the winter drew on, that he set out on his last journey and arrived safely at home, after a pilgrimage of four-score years.

In allusion to those early years in London, when she was a constant hearer of the venerable Doctor at New Broad Street, Mrs. Trotter on her own dying bed remarked, 'With what sacred pleasure have I many times feasted on the heavenly manna when attending the ordinances under the worthy Dr. Guyse.' Yes, deep were the impressions and hallowed the enjoyment she received in that old square family pew, at the critical period from girlhood to

early womanhood. Happy were those Sabbath-days she spent in that unpretending, humble and perhaps despised conventicle, when her heart burned within her as she heard the venerable blind preacher, and sat at the feet of that preacher's heavenly master.

CHAPTER III.

The New Book and its Blessing.

Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the good or evil side.
Then it is the brave man chooses, while the coward stands aside,
Doubting in his abject spirit, till his Lord is crucified.

NEXT to the interest attaching to the triumphant death of Mrs. Trotter, is that connected with her early conversion to God. Whatever, in the hallowed influence of a Christian home, or in the early instructions of her beloved mother, or in the faithful ministry of good old Dr. Guyse, tended, under God, to prepare the way for the great change, or more fully to develop and foster its manifestations afterwards, it appears that Mrs. Trotter herself looked back with special interest to one circumstance as tending more than any other to bring about the great crisis of her history—her conversion to God. The exact time and process of thought exercised is not specially described. But the fact, that 'whereas she had been blind, but now saw,' that whereas she had been 'darkness, but was now light in the Lord,' that whereas she had been 'afar off,' but was now 'brought nigh,' and that she knew she had 'passed from death unto life,' she seems to have dwelt on as a most true and most

blessed certainty. She was conscious, it would seem, that her heart and bias of mind had become changed —conscious that her will, and the great purpose of her being had become altered—conscious that her fixed aim and ruling principle of action were not what they once were; and she, in some way, linked that change of heart with the perusal of a certain and ever after fondly-cherished little volume; but perhaps she did not so far analyse, or so far philosophise about the process of thought and feeling involved in the change, as to see that her new purpose sprang from new attachments, and these new attachments from new truths, or truths newly realised by herself; that, in fact, she now 'lived not unto herself, but to Him who died for her and rose again,' because, like the apostle, 'constrained by the love of Christ;' and that this love to the Lord Jesus was kindled when she realised for the first time His love to her, and could say with adoring gratitude, 'He loved me and gave himself for me.' The 'awakening,' as she rightly termed it, to this new 'purpose of heart,' these new attachments, and this new truth, she attributed under God's grace to the early perusal of Mrs. Housman's Diary. None could be more ready than herself to attribute the glory to God's grace; and yet she felt that that grace operated by means; and, in her case, the most striking means was the reading of the little book in question. To this delightful period in her life she alluded on her dying-bed. 'The Lord gave me early impressions of

religion,' she said; 'and I bless his name. He drew me to himself by the cords of love before the vanities of life began to tempt me. The reading of Mrs. Housman's life was the means of my being first awakened; and by a blessed variety of ordinances and providences he hath hitherto carried on the good work in my soul.'

It was in the year 1744, 'at the Rose and Crown in the Poultry, near the Mansion House,' that Mr. John Oswald printed the little work referred to under the title—*The Power and Pleasure of the Divine Life exemplified in the late Mrs. Housman, of Kidderminster, Worcestershire.* Little did the good man imagine the blessing that book was to bring to his own household. Little did he calculate the immense 'profit' that edition was to bring his family. He may have been induced to print it from pure speculation, as a mere matter of business, or perhaps his motive might be the spiritual benefit of his generation. But, with whatever view he brought out the little work, his reward was indescribably rich.

At the time Mrs. Housman's Memoirs appeared, Elizabeth Oswald was a girl of ten. It does not appear when she first read the new book. It may be, and the idea is a pleasant one, and not the most improbable—it may be that, as the sheets came out wet from the press-room, her father carried them into the 'parlour,' and as he looked through the proofs, would ever and anon burst out in admiration of the clearness of Gospel sentiment, and joyousness

of Christian experience the pages manifested, until his wife and children learned to admire and love the little book that gave the father such unmixed delight. And then, when the business and bustle of the week were over, and the Sabbath dawned, we can imagine the bound copy taken down from the book-case, and placed, with the Bible, ready for the day's use. And now the two public services at Broad Street are over, and, according to the good old custom of that day, the family are gathered round the table; and there is 'the big ha' Bible lying open before the father; and, after the texts, and numerous 'heads and particulars' of the sermons have been repeated, in lieu of some discourse of a good old divine, the newly published book is opened, and some of its chapters are read and explained, until it begins to be looked upon with interest by all, and is welcomed to its place in the bosom of the family as a worthy guest. It at length becomes a favourite with that fair-haired, bright-eyed, affectionate girl. It is not difficult to imagine how she takes it upstairs to her room; how, after a chapter in the Book of books, she reads a portion of the Memoir, and then, committing herself to God in prayer, lays the dear little volume under her pillow, while she falls asleep thinking of the precious truths of which the little work is so full. She begins to think Mrs. Housman was a happy woman, and that there is a 'pleasure in the Divine life.' Oh! could she become as good and as happy as Mrs. Housman, her highest ambition would be

satisfied. We can picture to ourselves the process of thought she passes through. The desire to be like Mrs. Housman adds fresh zest to the reading of the book. She longs to find out how that sainted woman began, and by what means she was enabled to triumph at the last. At length she discovers the secret. The biographer states the matter, in the seventh page of his Introduction, thus: 'The victory she obtained, and the triumph she began to exercise, were founded upon the conquest of the Lamb, her interest in his death, and the lively view she had of those her happy circumstances. She had trusted the merits of his death, the validity of his sacrifice, and entrusted all the concerns of her soul into his hands, as the great and only Mediator.' Again, in the twenty-seventh page of the Diary, Mrs. Housman speaks of a Sabbath-day's experience: 'God was pleased to appear in a very kind and condescending manner to me. I was, I hope, enabled to take Christ; and all the benefits purchased by his death I could apply to my own soul, as mine. I could say, with a humble boldness, "He loved *me*, and washed *me* from my sins in his own blood." Who knows how sweet this was!'

And if Jesus were thus a sufficient ground of confidence for Mrs. Housman, why not for Elizabeth Oswald? Had not the Saviour done as much for her? If in Jesus there was enough for Mrs. Housman whereon both to live and die—enough to lift off the burden of her guilt, and become the spring of a godly

and devoted life, why should not she find in Christ's blood the same pardoning, peace-giving, sanctifying power? It has been so to thousands; it is so to every true believer; the real Christian, from first to last, rejoices in this blood. 'It is the knowledge of it that first sheds peace into his soul; and it is the same knowledge that maintains throughout life that peace which then began. It was in being led by the Holy Spirit to the knowledge of this blood that he became a saint, and it is in continuing to know it that he continues a saint. . . . His only answer to the whispers of conscience is the blood that was shed. His great protection against the fiery darts of the wicked one is the blood that was shed. His preparation for the duties of each day is a fresh application to the blood, in which he bathes his conscience anew each morning that he rises.'

'Realising these things he moves on his joyful course. The blood is all to him. It is his peace; it is his medicine; it is his daily comforter. And resting in this he rejoices in hope of the glory to be revealed. He needs no more to keep his soul in perfect peace, even when conscious of no common unworthiness and pollution. He needs no more to heal all his wounds, to cleanse away all his defilement, to strengthen him for every toil, and to enable him to conquer in every battle with the enemy. And in proportion as he learns to enter more fully into the thoughts of God concerning this blood, in that proportion does his peace deepen and his joy

overflow. . . . All its suitableness and manifold riches are not disclosed in a single day. He is ever making new discoveries in this illimitable field; ever digging into new veins in this unfathomable mine.'*

Such is a condensed view of the Gospel mystery, and such is the type of the conversion by it of a multitude that no man can number. Whatever be the preparatory means and preliminary steps, this is in all cases the last step in the process of a soul's being brought near to God—for all are brought nigh by the blood of the cross. The law, by its thunders, may awaken and arouse the slumbering conscience; the 'judgment to come' may arrest the careless and godless spirit; some fearful providence may shut a man out from the cares and sins of life, and shut him up to reflection and faith; but all the thunders of law, the terrors of judgment, the sobering influence of providences cannot destroy the enmity of the heart, and reconcile the soul, and bind its affections around the great Centre of Being and of bliss. A mighty motive alone can do this. Not the law, but the gospel; not Sinai, but Calvary; not terror, but love subdues the enmity of the heart, reconciles the hostile spirit, and brings him that was 'afar off,' and the 'bond-slave of sin' into the peace, and liberty, and fellowship of the Gospel.

* 'Blood of the Cross,' by Horatius Bonar, pp. 117-118.

CHAPTER IV.

A Christian Portrait.

Ah! how great a pity that we men should not feel for what end we are born into this world, till we are just on the point of quitting it.—*Queen Elizabeth's Secretary, when dying.*

ONE of the strongest arguments for the divinity of the religion of Jesus of Nazareth, is the similarity of effects it produces in its recipients of every country, colour, and clime. As soon as the heart of any individual gives credence to its vital truths, the results of such faith are discovered by the believer in his own altered and purified motives and feelings, and are soon evidenced in a changed disposition and life. The outline of such fruits of faith is expressed in the triple but comprehensive delineation—'faith worketh by love,' 'purifies the heart,' and 'overcometh the world;' and it would be an interesting but easy problem to be solved: Given the religion of Jesus in its most spiritual but simple form; to find its direct practical influence on a believer in it of any nation, kindred, or tongue. Seek your specimens anywhere, and the solution will be in all cases essentially the same, amid every variety of race, culture, taste, circumstances, position. Bring your

instances from the North or the South, the East or the West, and you shall find the same leading characteristics, the same family features that proclaim unmistakeably a relationship to 'Him of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named.' Go, fetch Kajarnak from the ice-bound cliffs of Greenland, and Africaner from the Southern bush, and John Newton from the pollutions of vice, and Poor Joseph from the thoroughfares of London, and the Dairyman's Daughter from the peasantry of England, and Uncle Toms from the despised and down-trodden race of Ham, and gentle Evas from the blessed ranks of childhood,—and in all you shall find the same great features of character—'goodness, peace, meekness, long-suffering, gentleness, brotherly-kindness, charity.' The manner and degree of development will be modified and varied by a thousand differences of time, place, temperament, civilisation, &c.; but there are in all cases the same broad outlines of spiritual character, attesting a oneness of origin and moral constitution, an adaptation of the religion of Jesus to the whole race of man, and thereby, most conclusively, its unquestionable divinity.

One characteristic consequence of a hearty reception of the Gospel, is the desire and determination to come into closer sympathy with those who possess 'like precious faith.' Men prefer to 'go unto their own company,' to ally themselves and commingle affection and interest with those with whom there is the greatest identity of views, feelings, hopes, and

aims. Hence, when the heart of an individual is reconciled to God and brought to the obedience of faith, it goes forth in quest of other hearts that have passed through the same experiences. Having given himself to God, it becomes a most natural process on the part of a believer in Christ to give himself to the people of God according to the Divine will.

Another consequence attending the reception of the Gospel, is the desire and determination to profess the change experienced before others; not to parade the secret exercises of the heart before the world, 'to be seen of men,' but, in obedience to the dictates of honesty and truthfulness, to confess with the mouth what the heart believes, and in allegiance to Him who hath said, 'Whosoever shall be ashamed of me before men, of him will I be ashamed before my Father and the angels.'

Now, among most bodies of evangelical Christians, a profession of religion is ordinarily made by an observance of the Lord's Supper. Not that this furnishes a more satisfactory test of discipleship than any other act of the religious life; but, in some way, that ordinance is viewed as so peculiarly sacred, and as carrying so little meaning, except as the recipient experiences the spiritual emotions and blessings of which the act of receiving it is supposed to be but symbolic, that an enlightened conscience revolts at the thought of commemorating the Lord's death without being in spiritual sympathy with the Lord himself. Hence, observing the ordinance of the

Lord's Supper has come to be synonymous and synchronous with making a profession of religion. And more especially is this fact true in reference to the different bodies of evangelical Nonconformists.

It appears to have been so with Miss Oswald. Habituated to attend the ministry of Dr. Guyse, she seems to have identified herself with the good people at New Broad Street, who formed 'the church' there under the blind pastor's care. On her death-bed, she looked back over the distance of fourteen years, and recalled the 'pleasure' with which she united in the various 'ordinances' of religion there, and so great was her enjoyment of these spiritual exercises, that she can express it in no less emphatic way than by saying 'she many times feasted on the heavenly manna.' I can conceive some reader is disposed to object to, or smile at, the form or strength of the expression this devout and dying woman makes use of; but I envy not the state of that man, be his intellectual position what it may, who can carp at or ridicule the experience of spiritual elevation and delight which is couched under expressions like the above, uttered under such affecting and solemn circumstances.

At that day, making a profession of religion, or 'joining a church,' as it was termed, was a peculiarly solemn and expressive thing. In many of these Nonconforming churches a form of 'covenant' was drawn up and signed by the individuals who composed such churches, which was in theory, if not in fact,

signed by every person who thereafter united himself to them. This practice had come down from the good old earnest times of the Puritans, and was, on a small scale, what the Scottish National Covenant was on a larger, with this difference, however, that the former was exclusively spiritual, while the latter was more really political. Some of the church covenants of the last century are most interesting documents, as showing the high tone of spiritual fervour, the clear views of evangelical doctrine, and the lofty aims of the religious life by which some of the churches were characterised.

The good men of that day encouraged this practice of signing covenants, thinking that they kept a lofty standard before the mind, and moreover formed a more impressive act of self-consecration to God, as well as furnished a permanent monitor that the vows of God were upon one. The danger in such cases is, that that which was meant for a help becomes a mere form, or that which should prove but a monitor becomes a snare, entangling tender consciences. I can conceive of a personal covenant, or even a church covenant, becoming a most solemn and earnest mode of expressing the highest act of consecration to the great Author and Redeemer of the soul, and when so used, its meaning is momentous, and its advantages great. It was thus with the personal covenant, drawn up by the devout Philip Henry, for the use of every member of the church in his house, who having been taught the 'form' in childhood, did in

succession as they grew up to years of discretion and responsibility, adopt it as their own, in its deepest meaning and fullest sense. The covenant ran thus:—

'I take God the Father to be my chiefest good, and highest end.

'I take God the Son to be my Prince and Saviour.

'I take God the Holy Ghost to be my Sanctifier, Teacher, Guide, and Comforter.

'I take the Word of God to be my rule in all my actions; and the people of God to be my people in all conditions.

'I do likewise devote and dedicate unto the Lord, my whole self, all I am, all I have, and all I can do.

'And this I do deliberately, sincerely, freely, and for ever.'

To this the pious father put his 'Amen,' as they each repeated it to him, on a Lord's-day evening; sometimes adding, 'So say, and so do, and you are made for ever.'

It would have been interesting to give a more detailed account of the out-workings of the religious life of Elizabeth Oswald, after the crisis in her spiritual history described in the last chapter. From the terms she uses, when referring to this period of her life; from the 'pleasure' she experienced in attending the 'ordinances,' and the festive joy with which she partook of the 'heavenly manna,' under good old Dr. Guyse's ministrations, it would appear the change in her sympathies and tastes, was by no means doubtful, and her decision by no means equi-

vocal. Wee an picture toour minds somewhat of her career at this time. We can, as it were, see how her decision becomes evident to all in the house, and to all in the circle in which she moved. We need no one to tell us how her 'peace in believing,' her 'joy in the Holy Ghost,' her 'delight in God,' are apparent in that calm and perpetual cheerfulness, that sanctified sweetness of behaviour, that earnest desire to be useful, which throw a charm of indescribable loveliness around the character of woman: though no record remains, it is not difficult to trace her course. We seem to see her making her 'good confession,' and identifying herself with the despised cause of Jesus. Although in her day there were not the same channels of Christian effort opened up as now; although Robert Raikes had not then founded the Sabbath-school system; although no Missionary, or Tract, or Bible, or Christian Instruction, or City Mission Society, then sent out its agents, or its collecting cards, and summoned the youthful energies of the Church of Christ to their noble enterprises, we may be quite sure that the zeal and love of the young disciple would find some fitting sphere of operation, and that she would find some work to do in the vineyard of her Lord. There were then some ignorant children to be instructed at home. There were then some afflicted poor demanding the charitable visits and Christian consolations of the people of God. There were then some means and facilities for the exertions of those who, with hearts at leisure

from themselves, and burning with love to Christ, were desiring to spend and be spent in doing good.

That is a beautiful paragraph in which a recent writer alludes to the noble character and heroic life of William Tyndale, the translator of the New Testament into English in 1526, and one which portions out to all the sort of work they are to set about, and the high and holy motive from which that work should be done. After referring to the evils and dangers of Tyndale, the paragraph proceeds: —

'And over him, in all his holy studies and secret toils, in retired dwellings and upper chambers of old picturesque and lonely streets, belonging to Cologne, Worms, or Antwerp,—over him, in all his manual labours, with printers and pressmen,—over him in his movements up and down the Rhine, in rude old boats, bearing with him his heavenly treasures,—over him, thus working in his Lord's vineyard, was the smile and benediction of that blessed Lord himself. He looked up from amidst the world's frowns, and saw that smile, and it was sunshine to his heart, and in its light he laboured on with joy and hope; and thus must men now, Tyndale-like, toil for Christ; not indeed doing the self-same thing, but doing some kindred thing—some work suited to them—some work of instruction and benevolence, some preaching work, or Bible work, or Sabbath-school work, or visiting work—doing it in the same spirit in which this good man did his—doing it not for their own emolument or fame, but willing to be

poor for Christ's sake, and making themselves of no reputation—doing it not to be seen of men, and praised of men, but to be seen and praised by Christ—doing it in the midst of difficulty and discouragement—doing it though friends look cold, and enemies oppose—doing it in Divine strength, through study of the Bible, and faith in the promises—doing it silently, patiently, calmly, bravely, to the end; content if only He, the great lightener of the toils of his servants, and their constant and all-sufficient friend, give, now and then, a token for good. But if that be denied, in order to their being tried to the utmost, it is their happiness still to know, that He whom now they see not, never averts from their humble doings his observant eye, but with his gracious hand notes down all in his book of remembrance, out of which He will read to them, in a day to come, these words:—I know thy works and thy labour, and how, for my name's sake, thou hast laboured, and hast not fainted.' *

* 'Lights of the World,' by Stoughton, pp. 13, 14.

CHAPTER V.

Changes, and the last Change.

'By God's grace I have loved him in my youth, and feared him in my age, and laboured to have a conscience void of offence towards Him and towards all men.'—*The Dying* HOOKER.

FROM the time of her conversion until her marriage, Elizabeth Oswald's time would be well employed in acquiring that general, and especially that divine knowledge, and in cultivating those graces of the Christian character which were to display themselves in the peaceful manse of the Scottish pastor, in training up for God her little family, and in discharging the manifold duties which, as a pastor's wife, she would be called upon to undertake. We have hinted at the various channels of active benevolence even then opened up to the willing labourer in the vineyard of the Lord; but that day was famed for another class of graces than those which characterise the present age. In those times, much more attention seems to have been turned to the culture of one's own vineyard than in these days of distracting and multifarious public activity. Hence private Christians were 'giants in those days,' towering high in their lofty musings and sublime devotions. There were plants

of righteousness in those times, which were no weak saplings, but trees of gigantic strength and stature, such as frequent communings with God, habitual meditation on the Word, earnest prayer, and large showers of Divine influence, could alone produce. The former days were, perhaps, in this respect, better than these. Personal and family religion flourished. The life of God in the soul became an earnest and a noble thing. How many trees of that forest of worthies have we already had occasion to admire in our hasty and imperfect survey of those times! How often have we had occasion to note the names of such men as Philip Henry, and his son Matthew Henry, Baxter, Doddridge, Watts, Richard Pearsal, and Dr. Guyse! And then, among the private Christians, what a roll-call is that which contains such names as Mrs. Savage, Mrs. Housman, Mrs. Rowe, and Joseph Williams, of Kidderminster. These are but specimens of the saints of that day. With such examples was Elizabeth Oswald familiar; with them she could sympathise; their course she followed.

At the age of twenty-three Miss Oswald was married to Dr. John Trotter, and entered upon the interesting, but responsible, duties of a Scottish pastor's wife. As her history from this period is so intimately connected with her husband's, it has been somewhat described in the sketches of his life which have previously appeared in these pages.

It would have been interesting, however, to have before us a picture of her life, during those fourteen

years she spent among the hills of Fife, far away from her native place, and her warm-hearted London friends. It is left to imagination to call up her varied occupations, now in the manse tending household duties, like 'the excellent woman' whose praise Solomon describes in the last chapter of Proverbs; now dispensing little kindnesses among the poor of the flock; now visiting some sick neighbour woman; now working among the flowers in that lovely garden, or walking with her husband into those neighbouring fields; or as the sun goes down in the west, lingering on some hill close by, to gaze on his golden glories; now riding pillion-fashion into the neighbouring city of St. Andrews; now receiving a visit from some friend, or perhaps from some relation from the far South; and now penning a warm-hearted letter to those more than four hundred miles away, whom she never expects to see again in the flesh. It would be pleasant to be able to describe her hours of secret communings, her Bible readings and meditations, her wrestling prayers for herself, her husband, her children, the flock, and the work of God throughout the world—to state what books she read, what trials she passed through, what solace she found, what peace and joy. Then there were days of sickness, events of deep domestic anxiety, when life fluttered in the balance, and she knew not whether it was her Lord's will she should depart or remain. I should like to have had materials enabling me to describe her demeanour under sorrow, her submis-

sion, her patience, her thankfulness, her realisations of the presence and love of Jesus, her bright anticipations of heaven, and then her merciful deliverances and restoration to health.

She has herself told us of the fearful conflict she endured when under the severest chastenings of her Heavenly Father. On her death-bed she said, 'Surely the Lord doth all things well. I remember I used to repine at the death of some of my children, and think God dealt hardly by me; but now I know assuredly that he doeth all things well, and orders all things wisely and graciously for his people. Out of these eaters he hath brought forth meat to my soul, and out of these strong ones sweetness.'

And many of those children she laid in the quiet graveyard near; and, when called by Providence to quit her northern home for the southern metropolis, left them there to rest until the morning of the resurrection.

And now her years of sojourn in Fifeshire draw to a close, and the way is opened up by Providence for her to revisit and dwell amongst her dear English friends. New scenes open before her; new plans are formed; new hopes are cherished; and, as she gazes for the last time on the brown hills around her house, that have so long been familiar as the faces of old friends, gratitude for the past swells her bosom, and, as the wintry winds are blowing keen across the deck of her vessel, as she sails out of Leith harbour, the hope of a warmer climate for her delicate frame, and

of an enlarged sphere of usefulness for her husband and herself, forbids her to weep as she says 'farewell,' or at least causes her to smile amidst her tears.

Safely she arrived in London, and thankfully acknowledges that everything was agreeable to her wishes; and adds that all she can desire so far as this world is concerned, is the continuance of such comforts as Providence had permitted her to find in her new home. Her new acquaintances among the congregation of her husband, became much attached to her, and she to them. They soon discovered her worth, alas! to lament the loss of it too soon.

In the subsequent chapters we shall have the veil lifted, which will reveal her lamented yet triumphant future.

PART III.

THE JOYFUL DEATH OF THE PASTOR'S WIFE,

OR

'FAITH TRIUMPHANT.'

'The Ancients dreaded death: the Christian can only fear dying.'

Lie down and close thine eyes,—to wake
 Amidst eternal day!
Throw off thy clod of earth, and take
 That spotless, fair array
In which thy spirit shall await
The body's resurrection state!

Lie down on earth, and wake before
 The eternal throne of God;
Thy trials past, thy sorrows o'er,
 Thy pardon sealed in blood;
And with that Saviour rest, whom thou
On earth didst joy to serve and know!

A. L. M.

CHAPTER I.

Dying Work Easy.

And now I'm to die,
Receive me I'll cry,
For Jesus hath loved me, I cannot tell why:
But this I do find,
We two are so joined,
He'll not live, in glory, and leave me behind.

WHEN Mr. Standfast had thus set things in order, and the time being come for him to haste him away, he also went down to the river. Now, there was a great calm at that time in the river; wherefore Mr. Standfast, when he was about half way in, stood a while, and talked to his companions that had waited upon him thither. And he said, this river has been a terror to many, yea, the thoughts of it also have often frightened me; but now methinks I stand easy, my foot is fixed upon that on which the feet of the priests that bare the ark of the covenant stood, while Israel went over Jordan, *Josh.* iii. 17. The waters indeed are to the palate bitter and cold; yet the thoughts of what I am going to, and of the convoy that wait for me on the other side, lie as a glowing coal at my heart. I see myself now at the end of my journey: my toilsome days are ended. I am going to see that head

that was crowned with thorns, and that face which was spit upon for me.'

Such is the picture presented by the illustrious 'Dreamer' of the arrival of one of his 'Pilgrims' at the end of his 'Progress' towards glory.

Let us now steal away from the din and bustle of life; and in the quietude of a darkened chamber, by the bedside of a dying one, behold the reality of which Bunyan furnishes but the picture.

Many circumstances combine to invest that dying one with interest in the minds of a large circle. But it is not merely the charms of her lovely features, nor the amiability of her sweet disposition, nor the attractions of her elegant and cultivated mind, that rivet the tearful regards of so many. That dying one is a mother, in the bloom of life. Scarcely have thirty-seven summers shone upon her path, yet that is her twelfth babe sleeping in the nurse's arms yonder, and that is her husband by the bedside, watching with an anguish of feeling the many symptoms of her rapid decline. And these Christian ladies who from time to time are coming in to sympathise with their sister, are the members of the city congregation to which her husband ministers. And yet let it not be supposed that an air of gloom pervades that sick chamber. Anything but gloom! Here, if anywhere, are the words of the preacher true: 'It is better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting; and the day of one's death is better than the day of one's birth.' To that

dying one the past has not been altogether a desolate wilderness; and the future is anything but impenetrable gloom. She has found the ways of religion to be the ways of pleasantness, and her paths, paths of peace. And now she is but waiting in the antechamber to be ushered into the king at his marriage festival. Born in this metropolitan 'Babylon,' she had grown up under the most favourable parental influences, and had remembered her Creator in the days of her youth. Taught, like Timothy, the Holy Scriptures by her pious mother; trained under the ministry of one of the most evangelical ministers of the day; supplied with such books as were calculated, like Mrs. Housman's Diary, to show her 'the power and pleasure of the Divine life,' she was, by the grace of God, brought to the knowledge of the truth; her young heart was won by the attractive power of the cross, and having given herself to God, she gave herself to his people according to his will. At an early age, she became the wife of the Scottish pastor, and for seventeen years made the manse a happy home, and was a mother in Israel to her husband's flock. Often, however, had she been tried as in a furnace by the deaths of her children, but the discipline was not lost upon her gentle and chastened spirit. And now for two years had she breathed her native air, and had begun to form plans of usefulness among the new flock. But God thought otherwise. He had other and nobler employment for her ripened powers. He leads her beside the still waters of com-

fort, and then into the dark valley through which pilgrims must pass to the delightsome land.

Let us listen to her dying utterances, and catch the accents that fall from her dying lips.

'I now see plainly I am to die; but the great work is done many years ago: I know in whom I have believed, and I am not afraid of death. My plan of earthly happiness is indeed broke through. I longed to get back to my native country, and when Providence brought me and my family here, I found everything agreeable to my wishes. The continuance of such comfort was the only thing left for me to desire, and now that my Father in heaven sees it meet to take me from all, I dare not, I cannot repine, but rather believe and say, "All is well."'

'That life is long which answers life's great end.' 'The great work is done many years ago,' says the dying woman; 'I know in whom I have believed.' In one sense it is a great work to be prepared for death. It is the noblest and most blessed achievement. No man is so much to be envied as he who has made such a use of life as to have done this great work. The most learned and laborious life has been an idle homily after all, if this great work has not been accomplished. For 'what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his soul' by neglecting the great work of its salvation?

And yet what did this dying woman mean

by the great work which she says had been done many years ago? Had she been toiling to make herself so good as to merit acceptance with God? Had she been going about all her life to work a righteousness of her own to justify her in God's sight? Had she been labouring to achieve some great preparation of heart which would atone for her sins and secure forgiveness and salvation? In a word, had she been bent on purchasing her own salvation and redeeming her own soul? What is her language? 'I now see plainly I am to die; but the great work is done many years ago; *I know in whom I have believed, and I am not afraid of death.*' It was not therefore any working on her part that assured her soul of safety in death. It was HE in whom she believed that gave her this confidence. It was the blessed Saviour who gave her assurance by *his* work. Yes, *He* had done the work, the hard work, of bearing away her sins in his own body on the tree, and had left her nothing to do but to rest on his atonement for peace in death. 'He that believeth in me shall never die,' said the Saviour, and she felt that His guarantee was enough to rest her soul upon in life, in death, and for ever. For years had she been resting on this foundation, and had found peace in believing. She had tried this refuge in many a storm, and when the tempest of sorrow had been high she had found it a safe refuge. She had made trial of it in the days of health, and found it heightening all her joys. Now she was trying it in sick-

ness and decline, and still it gave her satisfaction. 'I now see plainly I am to die; but the great work is done many years ago: I know in whom I have believed, and I am not afraid of death.'

CHAPTER II.

Dying Raptures, their Meaning and Worth.

However bright and knowing the mind of man may be,
It cannot paint those glories which I am soon to see;
It would require a seraph's tongue the splendours there to tell,
Laid up for me, a sinner saved, by Christ redeemed from hell.

SHE lay still for a little, as if employed in silent holy admiration, and then began: 'For some days past I have had many a hard struggle at the thoughts of leaving so many dear, very dear, earthly connexions. I loved my husband, I loved my children, I loved my house, I loved my dear old and new friends in this place; and if it had been the will of my heavenly Father, I would have been glad to have enjoyed some years' comfort longer with them in the body, and seen my children more advanced in life; but this I no longer wish for, having a desire to depart and be with Christ, which is far better. To be with Christ, who is the brightness of his Father's glory, and the express image of his person; who is infinitely fairer than the sons of men or angels: in whose presence there is fulness of joy, and at whose right hand there are pleasures for evermore; who is gone to prepare a place for his people, and who will come again to receive them to himself (according to his blessed

word), that where he is there they may be also to behold his glory. Then, O then, I shall sing without weariness and without fainting, the song of the redeemed above—"Unto him that loved us and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God, even the Father; to him be glory for ever and ever. In whom we have redemption through his blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of his grace." Then shall I know the meaning, the full meaning of that sweet passage of Scripture: "These are they who have come out of great tribulation, and whose robes are washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb: therefore are they before the throne! They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat; for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto fountains of waters, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain, nor any more sin!" Oh, blessed thought! for the former things are passed away. Surely, surely, when He who is my life shall appear, then shall I also appear with him in glory; yea, though I have been a poor, sinful, ill-deserving and hell-deserving creature, I shall appear with him in glory; for I am complete in him. He hath loved me with an everlasting love, and clothed me with the long, wide robe of his righteousness, his blessed righteousness. Through

Him I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith, henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness.'

Christ is the sum and substance of the Christian's hope. His atonement is the ground of his confidence, and his presence is the chief attraction of heaven. In this quotation how many times is the truth expressed, that Christ's atonement is the basis, the very core, of the Christian's confidence. 'Unto Him that loved us and *washed us from our sins in his own blood;*' 'in whom we have *redemption through his blood*;' 'these are they—whose robes are made *white in the blood of the Lamb:*' 'he hath clothed me with the long and wide robe of his righteousness, his blessed righteousness.' The doctrine of Christ's atonement, propitiation, or sacrifice for sin, if blotted out of the Bible, would leave it a very mutilated, pithless, pointless book. This is its essence, and this alone can link into one harmonious whole its various parts. Those therefore who rest their faith on the Divine word, and receive it, not to vain disputations, but in the love of it, will hold to the precious truth of the atonement of the Lord Jesus, and make it the very essence, the soul of their religion. Nothing but this can give relief to a burdened conscience; nothing but this can meet the wants of a guilty soul; nothing but this can satisfy the innate sense of justice; nothing but this can prepare for the dread meeting with offended Deity; nothing but this can promote true love to God; nothing but this can furnish motive strong enough to

urge to progressive sanctification; nothing but this can give true happiness in life, true confidence in death, and a well-grounded, not to say joyful, hope of everlasting life. This is the only safe passport to the realms of unfading bliss.

But again, *Christ is the chief attraction of heaven.* 'To be with Christ' is the Christian's heaven. True, 'tis bliss to get away from the corroding cares and harrowing trials of life; 'tis bliss to enter a world where there shall be no separations, no sorrow, no sin, no death; 'tis bliss to leave a poor, crazy, clay tabernacle, and be clothed with immortality; 'tis bliss to mingle with patriarchs, with the goodly fellowship of the prophets, the glorious company of the apostles, and the noble army of martyrs; 'tis bliss to meet brave heroes, who, Luther-like, have contended for the truth, and been found faithful; bliss to join friends long ago parted, and who will cluster on that bright shore to give a joyous welcome; bliss to enter the pearly gates, walk the golden streets, drink of the river of His pleasures, and join in celestial hallelujahs;—but the crowning bliss of all will be to 'be with Christ,' to see him where he is, and behold his glory—to see him as he is, and to be like him—to depart and be for ever with the Lord.

'There came out also at this time to meet them several of the king's trumpeters, clothed in white and shining raiment, who with melodious noises and loud, made the heavens to echo with their sound. Those trumpeters saluted Christian and his fellow

with ten thousand welcomes from the world; and this they did with shouting and sound of trumpet.

'And now were these two men, as it were, in heaven, before they came at it, being swallowed up with the sight of angels and with hearing of their melodious notes. Here also they had the city itself in view, and thought they heard all the bells therein to ring, to welcome them thereto. But, above all, the warm and joyful thoughts that they had about their own dwelling there with such company, and that for ever and ever; oh, by what tongue or pen can their glorious joy be expressed! Thus they came up to the gate.'

Such, again, is Bunyan's picture. Is it mere fiction? Or is it not founded on facts oft recurring? Are we warranted to consider the following paragraph as a realization of Bunyan's idea?

Not long after she was seized with a kind of convulsion fit, in which she lay about half an hour. Her coming out of it first appeared by her lips beginning to move, and then she spoke like one in a dream: 'I'm coming, I'm coming, coming, coming.' In a little she revived, and appeared quite sensible and composed. She looked at her husband and said, 'My dear, I have been at a festival.' 'A festival!' answered he; 'my dearest, what do you mean?' 'Yes,' she replied, 'a festival, a most glorious festival, in company with the most noble personages that mortal eyes ever beheld. Indeed, my dear, I cannot describe these glorious forms. I was present

at the coronation of the king and queen, and saw there all the glory of man; but the king and queen in their coronation-robes, with their brilliant diadems, were not to be compared with them. One said, "Sister, come away." Another said, "Sister, come away;" a third said, "Sister, come away." And every one of them beckoned me, and said, "Come, come away." Upon which I answered, "I'm coming, I'm coming, coming, coming." Don't you see them? There stands one of them just behind you, my dear; and at the opening of the curtain at the back of the bed, near Mrs. Duncan, I yet see a stream of that inexpressibly beautiful rainbow light which attended another, who is disappeared. The finest colours of the painter can give you no idea of it. O who would wish to tarry behind?'

I am aware that I am treading on somewhat delicate ground in describing a vision like the above; but I feel that fidelity to truth, and a wish for usefulness, demand that the subject should not be passed over.

And here I would present my thoughts in the form of a series of observations.

And, first, *visions like the above, on a death-bed, or at any other time, are no criterion of the soul's safety.* God once spake to the fathers by visions in the day and dreams in the night, as well as by the prophets; but in these last days he has spoken unto us by his Son. We have a more sure word to guide us than any dream or vision. The age of miracles is past,

because miracles are no longer necessary to establish the authority of Divine revelation. The Bible is complete, and all-sufficient; and with the Holy Spirit to apply it to the heart, nothing more is needed to secure our salvation. Hence visions and unveilings of the spiritual world, real or imaginary, are no criterion of a person's spiritual condition. They may or may not be delusive. If trusted in as any proof of Divine favour they are delusive and dangerous. I have heard of some who had never shown much spiritual life when in health, and yet, who, in some fever or other malady in which the brain was excited, have talked of these glowing visions. The only criterion the Bible furnishes is this—'If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be anathema.' 'Ye are all the children of God by faith in Christ Jesus.'

But, secondly, *ecstacy*, like the above, is *not necessary to salvation*. Many a true Christian has entered heaven without ecstacy, but no true Christian ever entered heaven without faith. A person may, therefore, be a true Christian without the rapture, here and in some other cases, enjoyed. But no one will ever set foot in paradise, who has not climbed thither by the ladder of faith in God's Son. Where there is this faith, there ought to be, and as a rule will be, peace, *i.e.*, the absence of hostility to God, and the absence of dread of God. There will be, as a rule, freedom from the bondage which the fear of death occasions. There ought to be, and will be, as a

rule, a comfortable sense of acceptance with God through our Lord Jesus Christ. Many passages of Scripture show this. One will suffice: 'Being justified by faith we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ.' *Rom.* v. 1. Were a person to say I have faith, but I am afraid to die; or, I have no peace with God; or, I don't know if I am accepted or not; such should beware lest, either they are not understanding terms when they say they believe in Jesus, or lest they should be waiting for something more to be done within them before they feel warranted to trust themselves wholly on the word and work of Jesus. But if any are humbly trusting to the all-sufficient atonement of the Saviour, and are enjoying some degree of peace from that and that alone, let such not be discouraged although their peace never rose to rapture, and although they should never attain to the ecstacy of some of God's saints.

Thirdly, I am willing to admit that in many cases where such visions as this of Mrs. Trotter's have been experienced, they were connected with a *peculiarity of temperament, or a state of partial disease of the brain.* In fevers and maladies of an inflammatory kind such phenomena as visions, raptures, &c., have been witnessed, and weak would be the mind that attaches much importance to such experiences. It is but just to truth and to Christianity to state thus much. And particularly in these days of reported visits to the spirit world, is

it necessary to discriminate between truth and error, between the sure foundation of the soul's safety, and the delusive vagaries of diseased, or of designing minds. Where a lively faith in the living Saviour exists in a sick person, such visions can do, perhaps, little harm, since they are not relied on as tokens of divine favour, or as qualifications for the divine presence; but when such rapturous views of the invisible world are substituted for faith in Jesus, nothing can be more delusive or disastrous to the soul.

An intelligent friend who had been lingering for some time on the threshold of the invisible world, after looking over the account of Mrs. Trotter's joyful death, thus writes, in reference to the vision above related:—

'Nothing but a true faith in the living Saviour could give joy in the near approach of the last enemy. I found it a great mitigation to my distress, that the constant succession of images floating before my diseased sight and imagination (when I thought myself dying) were pleasing. Had they been horrifying, like those presented to the person under delirium tremens, it would have been distracting and distressing. I consider this to be one of God's mercies to a poor distressed body, that He who sits on the floods controls and mitigates the trouble.

'We should remember that glorious as the images were which the diseased brains of Mrs. Trotter and

Mrs. Little presented to each, they came far short of the reality. That is not a matter of imagination, but a matter of testimony. Jesus and his Father and the Holy Spirit—one God—were tenderly present, and ministering angels were present to the heirs of salvation. We should also remember that whatever tended to suggest glorious views of Christ and heaven to these immortal spirits, was not to be despised, but received with deep thankfulness. It is true that these images can be accounted for on physiological principles, but unless even our physiology were under God's guidance, what would become of us?

'It is true that only in connexion with the revealed truth concerning heaven, and the Lord of heaven, had they any value; but in that connexion, it is evident they are as truly valuable as any other species of instrumentality which God uses. All instruments are valuable just in proportion as he conveys himself in them, and he can as easily descend to the soul on a clouded brain as on a clouded Tabor—on a sea of distress as on the Sea of Galilee, provided his voice is heard, "It is I, be not afraid;" "This is my beloved Son, hear Him."'

Fourthly, And yet the most ecstatic vision which any of God's servants have enjoyed has been *far short of the reality*. There is a spirit world. Things seen are not the only realities. Angelic spirits are round about us, though unseen; they minister to the heirs of salvation; they bear up his saints, lest at

any time they dash their foot against a stone; they lovingly tend the little ones of his flock; they watch for the salvation of sinners brought to repentance, and carry on fleetest pinions the departing saint to glory. And as a blind man, if suddenly restored to sight, would see objects and qualities impossible to be known but by this additional sense, so we, with our limited capabilities, require but an additional sense, as it were, to be opened, and the spirit world would be cognisable by us all.

> 'We know in daytime there are stars about us,
> Just as at night, and name them what and where,
> By sight of science: so by faith we know,
> Although we may not see them till our night,
> That spirits are about us, and believe
> That to a spirit's eye all heaven may be
> As full of angels as a beam of light
> Of motes.'

Fifthly. After every deduction on the ground of temperament or disease, may we not consider the vision of Mrs. Trotter as an *illustration* of Bunyan's description of the two prisoners who were met by the 'king's trumpeters clothed in white,' as well as of the *Scripture doctrine of angelic ministrations?* 'The beggar died and was carried by the angels to Abraham's bosom.' 'Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister to them who shall be heirs of salvation?' 'There is not,' says Scott, 'a bright seraph through all the heavenly train, who would not delight and glory in attending a poor despised Lazarus, in a hospital or dungeon, to ward

off the machinations of evil spirits, to procure a calm to his dying moments, and to hail his departing soul to the mansions of the blest; for they are all free from pride and envy, all full of love to the Redeemer and redeemed, and all rejoice, even over one sinner brought to true repentance.'

Our own Spenser thus describes them:—

'And is there care in heaven? And is there love
In heavenly spirits to these creatures base,
That may compassion of their evils move?
There is:—else much more wretched were the case
Of men then* beasts; but O! tho exceeding grace
Of highest God! that loves his creatures so,
And all his workes with mercy doth embrace,
That blessed angels he sends to and fro,
To serve to† wicked man, to serve his wicked foe!

How oft do they their silver bowers leave,
To come to succour us that succour want!
How oft do they, with golden pinions cleave
The flitting skyes,‡ like flying pursuivant.§
Against fowle feendes to ayd us militant!
They fight for us, they watch, and dewly ward,
And their bright squadrons round about us plant;
And all for love, and nothing for reward;
O why should heavenly God to men have such regard!'

* Then—than.
† Serve to—this is the old syntax.
‡ Flitting skyes—the floating clouds.
§ Pursuivant—from the French, poursuivre, to follow up—a state messenger.

CHAPTER III.

Sacramental Seasons.

'Have not our souls with rapture burned,
Our hearts with ardour glowed,
When ravished with a Saviour's love
A Saviour's wounds he showed?'

'THOU shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God hath led thee these forty years in the wilderness,' was the command of Jehovah to his ancient people, and it is a natural and ofttimes a blessed employment to a dying saint to recall the past, to mark the deliverances and mercies enjoyed, and to trace the leadings of that grace which first draws us to God and then keeps us from falling. Thus Jacob spoke with pleasure of 'the days of the years of his pilgrimage, an hundred and thirty years.' Thus Moses and Joshua recounted the dealings of Jehovah, and made God's past mercies arguments for the future fidelity of his people. Thus David alluded to his domestic trials, and yet solaced his sinking heart with the memory of the 'everlasting covenant, ordered in all things and sure' And thus the apostle Paul looks back with the holy gratitude of a successful warrior upon the 'good fight he had fought,' and the crown he was so soon to receive from

the hands of his righteous and adorable Redeemer. So is it with Mrs. Trotter. Ere passing away from earth she casts her eye back on the road she had traversed, dwelling with grateful emotions on the chief incidents that had been employed by her heavenly Father in developing that divine and blessed thing—the life of God in the soul.

On another occasion she proceeded: 'O the dear congregation of Swallow Street! I loved that dear people. Many times I have taken sweet counsel together with them in the house of the Lord; and sometimes when I have been sitting with them at the communion table, my heart was so full of the love of Christ that it was with difficulty I could sit upon my seat, or contain myself from speaking aloud what I felt, what I saw, what I handled, and what I tasted of the Word of Life. But these were only foretastes of the entertainment of heaven —a rill issuing from the fountain of life in the paradise of God. Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly.'

In reading the biographies of God's servants, especially of the last century, one cannot but be often struck with the intense emotions of delight they experienced in observing the ordinance of the Lord's supper. 'Tis true spiritual communion may be realized without the use of the bread and wine, the material emblems of spiritual truths. But a thousand witnesses can testify that the emblems have often called up the realities in so vivid a manner as greatly to intensify the impression and emotions of

holy delight such blessed truths are calculated to produce. Mrs. Housman thus writes, after a sacramental communion: 'O! I thought I could rather die a thousand deaths than not love him who was so lovely, and had loved me at such a rate. I did not doubt his love to me, but my concern was to love him more, yea, to love him perfectly. Methought I could have gone through flames to Christ. . . . Such were the impressions made upon me that I believe, if continued long, they would have been insupportable.' This spiritual ecstacy, to which the experience of Howe, and Doddridge, and Arnold, and many more of God's happy children, has furnished a strong resemblance, reminds one of the seraphic Fletcher, who once in a season of holy joy at Trevecca, rose to a pitch of rapture that seemed as if it would shatter the frail framework of flesh and blood, and he cried, "O! my God, withhold thy hand or the vessel will burst!"' How many delightful passages occur in the biographies of the Henry family, illustrative of the delight enjoyed at the table of the Lord. 'Tis thus Mrs. Savage writes on her first communion, in her sixteenth year; 'There, through God's goodness, I found great sweetness. I trust the knot was then tied and the bargain made which will prove an everlasting covenant never to be broken. Amen.' Another of the daughters of Philip Henry and sister to Mrs. Savage, viz. Mrs. Radford, thus writes on her admission to the Lord's Supper; 'I felt unspeakable

sweetness; then and there the knot was tied and the bargain made which I would not release for a thousand worlds.' A third daughter of the Broad Oak family (Mrs. Hulton), thus expresses her joy in the Lord, experienced in the 'breaking of bread:' 'Forget not ever, O my soul, the sight that thou hast had this day from Pisgah's Mount of Canaan's Land.' And then in the following sentences gives the reason for such enjoyment, showing that it was not the emblems she rested in, but the reality they shadowed forth. 'What shall I render unto the Lord? I have, at the Lord's table, seen my Redeemer as he was in his blood and sufferings; but shortly I hope to see him as he *is*, though not as I am.'

And such is the right view of the design of the Lord's Supper. It is *commemorative*,—'This do in remembrance of me,' said the Saviour on the night in which he was betrayed. 'As often as ye eat this bread and drink this cup, ye do shew forth the Lord's death.' Simple, touching, yet beautiful ordinance! In going, therefore, to the 'table of the Lord,' the great concern of the believer is to bring to mind the truth embodied in the emblems—the death of the Lord Jesus. The object he has in view is, by the material elements to be helped to a realization of these spiritual ideas—that Jesus died an agonizing, shameful death for his sins; that by this death Jesus made an all-sufficient atonement to God for all his transgressions; that by this atonement he, the

sinner, is made welcome to the forgiving love of God, and to all the blessings of the new covenant; and that, by all that he has done, he has manifested unparalleled love, and has proved himself a friend that sticketh closer than a brother. The exercise of mind at the table, should be intellectual and emotional. It is a time for connected thought and deep feeling, but more of the latter than the former. The object should be to move the affections, to have the heart softened and subdued by the impressive and heart-melting truths there brought in contact with the soul. Then, if ever, the depths of our nature should be stirred. Then, if ever, full play should be given to the most ardent and adoring affection towards Him who was emphatically, Love incarnate. Then, if ever, should the soul rise to its highest pitch of grateful, reverential, and rapturous emotion. Then, if ever on this side the grave, should the ransomed and regenerated spirit catch the infectious ardour of seraphic love and prove its sympathetic kinship with the 'whole family in heaven and earth,' shouting forth, as did the glowing Fletcher :—

'God is the sea of love
Where all my pleasures roll;
The circle where my passions move,
And centre of my soul.'

But the Lord's Supper is not only *retrospective*, it is also *prospective*. It not only 'shows forth the Lord's death,' but it shows it forth '*till he come.*' Yes! the

Christian is looking for a time more glorious than has ever yet dawned upon our world, since the gates of Eden were shut. He looks for the Lord from heaven, when he shall come to have his character and claims acknowledged before men and angels. It is right that he should return in great glory. It is right he should wear the many crowns. It is right he should be acknowledged as Lord to the glory of God the Father. It is right that he who was once crucified should be crowned with glory. It is right that the scene of his humiliation should be the scene of his renown. He is worthy. He was slain. He has redeemed the world and it has been promised as his possession, and it is right the heir should enter upon his inheritance. The disciple of Christ therefore looks for his second coming without sin unto salvation. He believes 'He must reign.' He waits and watches for the return of his Lord, when he shall come to signalize his intimate and everlasting union with his ransomed church. Hence he shows forth the Lord's death till he comes. Until the heralds approach announcing the advance of the coming King; until the trumpet sounds to waken the dead, and to summon the living to meet the Lord in the air; until the angels in brilliant cohorts appear through the cleaving clouds, with their dazzling splendour only outshone by Him whose countenance is as the sun shineth in his strength, and who cometh in all his glory to take vengeance on his foes and to be admired in them that believe

and look for him; until that transporting period, will his disciples, as often as they eat the bread and drink the cup, show forth his death, and do this in remembrance of Him. And who can describe the joy, amounting to rapture, which ten thousand of his saints, like Fletcher, and Mrs. Housman, and Mrs. Savage, and Mrs. Radford, and Mrs. Hulton, and the father of these three last, Philip Henry, and Mrs. Trotter, have experienced while thus showing forth the Lord's death. 'Sometimes when I have been at the communion-table, my heart was so full of the love of Christ, that it was with difficulty I could sit upon my seat, or contain myself from speaking aloud what I saw, what I handled, and what I tasted of the Word of Life. But these were only foretastes of the entertainment of heaven, a rill issuing from the fountain of life in the paradise of God. Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly.'

CHAPTER IV.

The First Song in Heaven.

NOW, I saw in my dream, that by this time the pilgrims were got over the Enchanted Ground, and entering into the country of Beulah, whose air was very sweet and pleasant; the way lying directly through it they solaced themselves there for a season. Yea, here they heard continually the singing of birds, and saw every day the flowers appear in the earth, and heard the voice of the turtle in the land. In this country the sun shineth night and day; wherefore this was beyond the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and also out of the reach of Giant Despair; neither could they from this place so much as see Doubting Castle. Here they were within sight of the city they were going to; also here met them some of the inhabitants thereof, for in this land the shining ones commonly walked, because it was upon the borders of heaven.' It was while lingering in this 'Border-land' that Mrs. Trotter gave utterance to the following joyous experiences.

'Often, too often, have I been silent in his praise; my harp many times hung upon the willows while I sojourned in the wilderness; but I am now almost done with all these clogs of this body of death. I am a-going to a place where the chief employment of the inhabitants is praise; where the King's daughters shall be introduced with gladness and rejoicing; where there shall not be a mistuned voice or a wandering heart. Come let me try as I can, while I am on this side Jordan, to sing an hymn to the honour of Jesus.' Here she began and sweetly sang two hymns. The first was from Dr. Watts's hymns, the seventy-sixth of the First book.

When strangers stand and hear me tell
What beauties in my Saviour dwell,
Where He is gone they fain would know,
That they may seek and love him too.

O may my spirit now arise
On wings of faith above the skies,
Till death shall make my last remove
To dwell for ever with my love.

The second hymn she sung was that of Mr. Grant's, in Edinburgh, entitled 'The supposed Song of a Soul just entered Heaven.'

Why was unbelieving I,
Trembling, so afraid to die?
Now my feet in safety stand
Here within the promised land.
Hallelujah.

O what wondrous grace is here!
Now I'm safe from every fear;
Sin and doubts for ever gone,
Sighing shall no more be known.
Hallelujah.

Henceforth neither grief nor pain;
Here successive pleasures reign;
All things our hosannahs raise—
O the glories of this place!
Hallelujah.

O ye perfect happy ones,
Let me try to join your tunes!
Come, let us exalt the Lamb,
Singing ever to his name.
Hallelujah.

He our full redemption wrought,
He for us this glory brought;
From the earth he calls us home,
To our Father's house we're come.
Hallelujah.

Oft in Kedah's tents I tried,
When his lovely face was hid,
With my friends to raise this song,
But it languished on my tongue.
Hallelujah.

Jesus now unveils his face;
Here I shout of sovereign grace;
Filled with love, incessant cry
To his praise in raptures high.
Hallelujah.

O, my drooping friends below,
Did you half this glory know,
Daily would ye stretch the wing
Here to fly and thus to sing.
Hallelujah.

When she had done, she said, 'O! what a poor feeble attempt is this. Well may it be called only lisping out the praise of my God and Redeemer; but when I get yonder, I shall sing with the best of them, or I shall at least try to do it, for sure I am there is not one there that has better reason to sing his praise than I have. I and all the ransomed of

the Lord shall return with him from judgment to the Zion above, with songs and everlasting joy upon our heads, and sorrow and sighing shall fly away for ever and ever. Amen.'

It is a fact too often overlooked, that the enjoyment of even heaven itself will depend on the soul's being in a state of sympathy with its blessed inhabitants and spiritual enjoyments. It will not be the external sources of gratification that will constitute heaven. Unless the spirit within be in harmony, in deep-toned sympathy with the character of its people and occupations, there can be no bliss. It is this which removes the fear of dissolution, heals the pang of parting from earthly friends and earthly scenes, rendering the believer, from his sympathy with heaven, 'ready to depart,' and eager to enter the joy of his Lord.

'The old terrific and popular idea of death has given way to this bright and glorious one; and how? Not through the philosophies or the religions of the world, but, says Paul, "through our Lord Jesus Christ." How does Christ give this idea? The common answer is, by taking away the sense of guilt, and bringing "life and immortality to light." This sounds very scriptural, and will satisfy those who never felt the intellectual pressure of the question, but is in reality no reply. In general one sentence will furnish the solution, namely, by awakening in the soul A NEW SPIRITUAL LIFE. No intellectual conviction could ever *plant* this glorious

idea in a soul "dead in trespasses and sins." You may preach to a man the sublime doctrines of immortality, as revealed by Jesus, with the logic of a Paul, or the eloquence of an Apollos, so as to commend them irresistibly to his convictions; but if his spiritual nature remain dead, you will not permanently dislodge the old and gloomy idea of death. But how does a new spiritual life do this? Because it involves the following things:—First, *A stronger sympathy with the Arbiter of our destiny than with any other being*—a sympathy whose language is, "Whom have I in heaven but thee?"—a moral oneness with that God "in whose hands our breath is, and before whom are all our ways." Where this is not there can never be anything but gloom in death; a dread of God must give a dread of death. Secondly, *A stronger sympathy with the spiritual than the material.* Much of the fearfulness of death springs from the idea of separation from the dear objects of our attachment. Wherever, therefore, the supreme attachments are on the material, the idea of death, however glorious the revelation of the future, must ever be distressing, on account of the *separations* it involves; but where the most sympathy is with the "unseen and eternal," death will be regarded not as severing connexions, but as uniting them in closer and dearer fellowship, and will, therefore, be joyously welcomed as a visitant of love. Thirdly, *A stronger sympathy with the future world than the present.* Where there is a stronger sym-

pathy with the present world than the future, the idea of severance must ever be painful; but where it is otherwise, the event will be hailed. It must then, we think, be obvious that where the presiding sympathies of the soul are thus with the *divine*, *spiritual*, and *future*, the idea of death will be bright and jubilant; but where they are not, whatever the *theology*, it must be dark and depressing. This threefold sympathy, then, we hold essential, in the nature of things, to the existence of this felicitous and triumphant idea of death; and this is *spiritual life*—the life that Jesus lived—the life whose law makes men free from the law of sin and death.'

CHAPTER V.

Partings.

Friend after friend departs:
 Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts
 That hath not here an end.
Were this frail world our only rest,
Living or dying none were blest.

AND now a struggle of feeling ensues, which must have put the faith of this susceptible womanly heart to a severe test. From the strength of her affection it might be anticipated that parting with her husband, her beloved children, and the kind people at Swallow Street, would be the bitterest elements in her cup. Yet by her faith in the all-sufficient Saviour, and her sympathy with the spiritual and heavenly world, she meets these—to some—overwhelming sorrows, and comes off more than conqueror, through Him that hath loved her.

She loved her husband tenderly, but God was dearer to her than even her husband, and therefore she can resign the earthly for the heavenly friend. 'My dear,' she said, 'we must now part. Many comfortable days we have had together. Few are acquainted with the happiness we enjoyed in each other's company. I loved you, and was in danger of giving you too much place in my heart. I know,

too, you loved me, and have been all along a most indulgent husband to me; but you are now no longer mine. Do, therefore, kneel down and resign me cheerfully up to Him from whom you received me. I have been endeavouring to resign you.' Her husband prayed.

And now her maternal heart yearns over her poor, desolate children. She thinks of their future, and a dark shadow seems to overhang it. The very depths of her nature are stirred within her, and her heart almost fails her. 'I know, my dear, God will take care of you. I have therefore no anxiety about you; but, O! my children, my dear children, what will become of my poor motherless children?' Her husband answered, 'My dearest, do not give yourself so much uneasiness about the children; the God whom you serve, who has led you and fed you all your days, into whose hands we have often committed them, will care for them; and besides, you know I have the heart of a father and love my children as part of myself.' She said, 'I trust and believe God will take care of them; but O, my dear, be tender of them, and particularly of my dear sweet Betsy; and,' &c.

And now she speaks a few parting words to the Christian women of the congregation who gather around her bed. But like Jacob, who in his address to his sons, interrupts it to breathe out his labouring aspirations after spiritual blessings, so this Christian woman burst out into adoring ascriptions of praise

to the Crucified One. About one o'clock, some gentlewomen belonging to the church came in to see her. 'You have come, said she, to see your minister's wife a-dying. I have frequently had sweet spiritual converse with you; you know I have; and I trust it was not in vain to our souls. Be kind to your minister when I am gone; I hope you will. He has been a loving husband to me, and he will, I doubt not, be more and more a faithful pastor among you. Some of you, too, are blessed with good husbands, that fear the Lord. O be sensible of, and thankful for the privilege. They are your valuable companions in life, partners of all your joys and sorrows; but what is best of all, they are your spiritual counsellors, and will strengthen your hands in the work of the Lord.'

After pausing a little she said, 'O the love of Christ which passeth knowledge! And what am I that I should have been a partaker of it? Not unto me, not unto me, but unto thy name, O Lord, be the glory. I did love the Lord Jesus, and many delightful hours of fellowship I have had with him in his blessed ordinances; but all these things I have now done with. Farewell, ordinances.'

Here again she paused a little, and then began: 'Though I am young, at least younger than some of you, yet you see I must die! and dying-work is hard work. Her husband answered, 'My dearest, the Lord's presence will make it easy work.' 'O were it not for that,' replied she, 'death and dying would

be terrible indeed. He is faithful, he is faithful, and why should I doubt his being with me when I am walking through the dark valley of the shadow of death! And, O! when I get to the other side, I shall soon forget all that's past.'

In reading the next paragraph we are reminded of the exulting exclamations of the dying Halyburton," whose ecstatic utterances are among the most glorious and blessed in all biography. 'I have a father in heaven and a mother in heaven,' he once said, 'and ten brothers and sisters in heaven, and I shall be the eleventh! O there is a telling in this providence, and I shall be telling it for ever! Bless God that ever I was born!'

'O heaven, heaven, what a blessed place will it be! What is all the grandeur of this world when compared with the glories of the Mount Zion above! and how much more excellent than this world of sin, and pain, and sorrow! No hypocrite there; no tempting devil there; no gay, fluttering, delusive vanity there; no unbelieving, wandering heart there; no weariness of worship there; no spots, no imperfection there. There I shall see my God and Redeemer, face to face; there I shall enjoy in perfection the uninterrupted comforts of the Great Comforter; there I shall know the true meaning of that blessed passage of Scripture—"We are come unto Mount Zion, and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels, to the general assembly and

church of the first-born, whose names are written in heaven, and to God the judge of all; and to the spirits of just men made perfect; and to Jesus the Mediator of the new covenant; and to the blood of sprinkling, that speaketh better things than that of Abel." There I shall meet with the great number of my dear Christian friends that are gone before. There I shall meet my beloved father and mother and brothers, there I shall meet my dear, dear sister. Surely she will be glad to see me. Methinks I see her yonder, coming to meet me on Emanuel's shore, ready to give me the welcome. And there, my dear husband, I hope bye-and-bye to meet you, with all the amiable children God has given us. We shall live, and we shall sing praises together, never, never to be parted more. Fly, moments, fly! Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly; make no long tarrying, O my God. But I cannot come. I cannot come.' Here she stretched out her arms like a bird on the wing, ready to mount into the air, and again said with great emotion, 'I cannot come. I feel my fettered soul as it were knocking against my breast, but it cannot escape from this prison; it must wait the appointed hour. Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly; make no long tarrying, O my God.'

CHAPTER VI.

What is Heaven?

Is heaven a place where pearly streams
Glide over silver sand?
Like childhood's rosy, dazzling dreams
Of some far faery land?

Is heaven a clime where diamond dews
Glitter on fadeless flowers?
And mirth and music ring aloud
From amaranthine bowers?

Ah, no! not such, not such is heaven!
Surpassing far all these;
Such cannot be the guerdon given,
Man's wearied soul to please.

* * * * * * *

For not to one created thing
Shall our embrace be given;
But all our joy shall be in God,
For only God is heaven.—FESTUS.

AFTER recovering from a strong convulsion-fit, she said, "Oh! this poor afflicted body; in a little I shall be delivered from it and all its encumbrances. Soon, soon it must drop into the grave; and then, blessed hope! it will be refined. It is sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption; it is sown in weakness, it is raised in power; it is sown in dishonour, it is raised in glory; it is sown a natural, it is raised a spiritual body. For I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth; and though, after my skin, worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God; whom I shall see for myself and not another, though my reins be consumed within me. And my Lord (glory be to his name!) will change this vile body, and fashion it like unto his own glorious body. He will, he will; and make this vile body shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of his Father. O death! where is thy sting? O grave! where is thy victory?"

'Being desired to compose herself to rest: "Rest! no (said she), do not desire me, my dear. How can I sleep when I see death and glory so near? O death! how serious a thing—how awful! Nature shrinks at the prospect of the cup. Serious and awful indeed, to appear before an infinitely holy, jealous God; but yet a faith's view of my Lord and his most perfect righteousness, brightens the scene and dispels all my fears. O day how delightful, even in contemplation. Death is but a bridge, a step, when I look at the land of glory on the other side. Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly; make no long tarrying, O my God.'

When the prospects of a Christian are realised as certain and near, no wonder death should be rapture. We read the ecstatic utterances of a Rutherford, a Venn, a Halyburton, or a Janeway, and express our astonishment that, amid the anguish of death and gathering gloom of the sepulchre they should manifest so much light and joy. But when we view what they realised as so transporting and so near,—when by faith we contemplate the glories that then burst on their enraptured vision, we shall cease to wonder, and shall feel that their ecstacy was indeed rational and just. 'That the objects which interest the heart in religion are infinitely more durable and important than all others, will not be disputed; and why should it be deemed irrational when affected by them in a degree suitable to their value, especially in the near prospect of their full and perfect possession?

Why should it be deemed irrational for a dying saint who has spent his life in seeking immortal good, to feel an unspeakable ecstasy in finding that he has touched the goal, finished his course, and in a few moments is to be crowned with life everlasting? While he dwells on the inconceivably glorious prospect before him, and feels himself lost in wonder and gratitude, and almost oppressed with a sense of his unutterable obligations to the love of his Creator and Redeemer, nothing can be more natural and proper than his sentiments and conduct. While the Scriptures retain their rank as the only rule of faith and practice—while there are those who feel the power of true religion—such death-bed scenes will be contemplated with veneration and delight'*

Ah! were there a higher tone of spiritual religion in the Church of Christ, rapturous death-beds would not be such a rarity. Were there a firmer faith in things unseen and eternal,—a more deep-toned sympathy with the Ever-Blessed One,—joy in life and triumph in death would be far more common than they are. Did Christians but realize what they profess and think they believe, they would enter far more fully into those now mysterious and oft-supposed extravagant utterances of the apostles, 'we glory in tribulation;' 'we joy with joy unspeakable and full of glory;' 'we know that when He shall appear we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is;' 'to depart and be with Christ, which is far

* Hall's Preface to Janeway's Life.

better.' Did Christians feel that here they have no continuing city; did they follow the Saviour's injunctions, 'Lay not up for yourselves treasures on earth, for where your treasure is, your heart will be also'—'set your affections on things above, and not on things on the earth'—then, indeed, would heaven be looked forward to as a home. It would be the climax of hope, the fruition of desire, the crowning of faith and patience. Then no images of future bliss would be thought too glowing or too glorious; for, after imagination had done its utmost in combining all the elements of beauty and of bliss that the realms of nature, or the regions of chastened fancy could furnish, the confession of the Queen of Sheba, after she had seen the glory of Solomon, would be the only fitting conclusion to the grand and glorious picture; and one glimpse of the reality would cause the surprised and rapturous exclamation, 'The half was not told me.'

'Convents and quintas, grey olive yards, green orange groves, and greener vineyards; the shore more populous every moment as we advance, and finer buildings opening upon us; the river bright as the blue sky, swarming with boats of every size and shape, with sails of every imaginable variety; innumerable ships riding at anchor far as the eye could reach, and the city extending along the shore and covering the hills to the furthest point of sight.'

Such are the clustering elements of material beauty furnished by Southey in his description of the ap-

proach to Lisbon by the Tagus; far inferior to some of the glowing descriptions, by the 'illustrious dreamer,' of the approach to the Paradise of God, in the 'Progress' of his Pilgrims; and far inferior are even these to the divine pictures of celestial bliss drawn by the Beloved Apostle in his banishment at Patmos. And such are but feeble representations of the outward bliss, the external heaven of the redeemed. And as heaven is a place, a locality, in the universe of God, such external elements of enjoyment there will most assuredly be; but inasmuch as our chief happiness is internal—that of the thinking and feeling soul—so the highest bliss will be internal and spiritual. As we shall possess a celestial body, so will there be means of enjoyment drawn from the universe of matter around us, and bliss will stream into the soul through every newly opened and glorified sense; but after all, the deepest rivers of pleasure will pour from spiritual springs, even from the fountain-head of all bliss, the heart of Infinite Love. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them and lead them to living fountains of waters. Then shall we find that the most exquisite sources of bliss will be those which are adapted to the nature and state of the soul within us, the conscious and changeless bliss of the immortal, perfected, and enraptured spirit. Thus Scripture teaches us that heaven is to 'see Christ as he is.' It is to 'awake up in his likeness,' and to be 'satisfied.' It is to have every pulsation of the soul

throb in sympathy with that soul's Lord and Redeemer. It is to be emancipated from the bondage of corruption in every form. It is to have every wrinkle of care, and every tear of sorrow, and every sigh of disappointment, and every taint of sin, and every pang of remorse, banished for ever and ever. It is to have every faculty fully developed and perpetually employed. It is to have every aspiration after the true, the beautiful, the blissful, and the good, crowned with its fullest realization. It is to have every sympathy of the soul met with its appropriate enjoyment. It is to have the most pure and ardent affections centred upon suitable and changeless objects, and to have every capability of bliss ever filled with the rivers of pleasure, and ever enlarging to receive fresh supplies, as the cycles of eternity roll on. It is to have intimate and affectionate intercourse with all the best and greatest minds in the universe, gathered from every country, age, order, and orb in the vast creation of God. It is to follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth, and to hear his loving voice, gaze on his blessed face, and feel his changeless love for ever. It is to be the honoured friends of Deity, and the adoring blissful companions of Him who is 'God over all, blessed for evermore.' What prospects! What hopes! Tame are the highest raptures which any dying saint has enjoyed—faint emblems, indeed, of that fulness of joy, and those pleasures for evermore, which are in God's presence and at his right hand!

'Oh to be wi' Ritchie!' said the noble Covenanter as he lingered around the grave, and thought of the departed Richard Cameron. 'Oh to be with Christ!' is 'the groaning which cannot be uttered,' of every loving and earnest disciple of the Crucified.

PART IV.

THE DIARY.

* * * Seek thou solitude! * * *
For there, separate from a crowd, the still small voice will talk with thee,
Truth's whisper, heard and echoed by responding conscience;
There shalt thou gather up the ravelled skeins of feeling,
And mend the nets of usefulness, and rest awhile for duties.

* * * * * * * * * *

There, as thou sittest peaceful, communing with fancy,
The precious poetry of life shall gild its leaden cares;
There as thou walkest by the sea, beneath the gentle stars,
Many kindling scenes of good will sprout within thy soul;
Thou shalt weep in solitude, thou shalt pray in solitude,
Thou shalt sing for joy of heart, and praise the grace of solitude.

SECTION I.

There is a genealogy of good books as of families, and not less interesting to trace. Baxter's 'Serious Call to the Unconverted' led to Doddridge's conversion and thus gave birth to the 'Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul.' The 'Rise and Progress' led to Wilberforce's conversion, and thus originated the 'Practical View of Christianity.' The 'Practical View' again was the awakening of Legh Richmond, and thus led to the publication of those inimitable tracts the 'Dairyman's Daughter' and 'Young Cottager;' which in their time have obtained a world-wide fame, and a world-reaching usefulness. Blessed be God for the genealogy of good books!

HAD Mrs. Trotter, by some fortunate circumstance, come into possession of a jewel like the Koh-i-noor, or become heiress to a princely estate, with how much interest would many besides her immediate descendants read a narrative containing the details of such a happy event! How much more reasonable is it that we should dwell with interest on the circumstances by which this departed lady found a treasure far transcending in value the Koh-i-noor—'the peace which passeth all understanding,' the

true 'pearl of great price;' and obtained the knowledge of, and a title to, that inheritance upon which she has long entered, 'an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away.' And then, when it is remembered that, even at this distant day, all who read the blissful circumstances by which she became enriched to all eternity, may, by the same means, become possessors of the same 'unsearchable riches,' what inducement stronger could be presented for a short consideration of the character and contents of that little book, whose perusal constituted an era in her history, was referred to with deep interest even on her dying bed, and has been carefully preserved in her family for some generations. The attractions that hang around the little, lidless, mutilated volume, are to me very great on account of her whose eyes once rested on its pages, and whose heart was hereby drawn to God. Dear are the associations that hang around an old book that has been valued by a departed, venerated friend—fragrant the odour that pours from its moth-eaten pages, like the perfume of a box of spices, or 'the alabaster box of ointment of spikenard very precious.' How often has one felt this when looking upon the marked and much-used Bible of a glorified friend! With what thrilling emotion one reads its pages as one thinks—'Her eyes hung over these verses; here she was consoled, there quickened; here she was bruised, there comforted; here she rejoiced, there wept. These underscored passages indicate

the reality and progress of her spiritual history; they are her unconscious autobiography, her own emphatic journal of her religious life.'

So have I felt in poring over the pages of this my ancestor's copy of Mrs. Housman's Diary. But in addition to those associations of endearment that enwrap the little book, it contains passages of great interest and beauty, and brings before us lovely specimens of the heavenly devotion that characterised some of the saints of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, like clusters of Eshcol from the Land of Promise.

While the devoted parents of the family at Broad Oak, in Cheshire, were training up their children in the habits of true piety, and were preparing the future commentator, Matthew Henry, for his great and blessed work, there was in the town of Kidderminster, in Worcestershire, another family, which, under similar parental influences, was being nurtured in divine things, and from which were to arise some who should, after a life of active usefulness, leave behind them names fragrant to the church of God in future generations. This was the family of the Pearsalls, of which Mrs. Housman was the eldest. 'Their house was a little sanctuary;' the life of God flourished in the souls of parents and children. Of the three sons and four daughters, it would appear most, if not all, were true Christians. The youngest son, Richard Pearsall, who possessed a cultivated and elegant mind, was minister at Taunton, Somer-

setshire, where he died in 1762. He edited the Diary of his sister, Mrs. Housman. He also published 'Contemplations on the Ocean,' of which Mr. Hervey said, that in it 'a refined fancy and delicate philosophy compose a chaplet for evangelical divinity.' Three years after his death Dr. Gibbons, the friend of Dr. Trotter, edited two volumes of his posthumous writings, entitled '*Reliquiæ Sacræ.*' A sister, Phœbe, married the pious Mr. Joseph Williams, of Kidderminster. This pious lady, as long as she could remember, had taken pleasure in the ways of God, having been 'most helped therein by her devoted sister, Mrs. Housman.' Mr. Williams has an entry in his diary on the day on which, 'with the approbation of friends on both sides,' he resolved to pay his addresses to Phœbe Pearsall. The advice of one of his friends was most striking, and would be well for all young persons entering into similar engagements deeply to ponder. He said to Mr. Williams that 'were he to advise anything with respect to my altering of my condition, it would be that I should first of all make sure of my covenant interest in Christ; he hoped I had done so, for if it be not done before marriage, my situation would be the more dangerous.' Of Mr. Williams, the model of a Christian tradesman, multitudes cherish the memory. In adversity as well as in prosperity, he cultivated the sympathies of the Christian life, and was so useful in his family, his neighbourhood, and in a wide circle of ac-

quaintance, that his name has long been as familiar as a household word in the mouths of the pious of many generations. On one occasion he writes in his diary, 'I have the joy of seeing all my children walking in the truth, and of hoping that no less than seven young persons have been born of God in my family within these three or four years.' After a life of singular happiness and usefulness, and of intimacy with Whitefield and others of the foremost Christians of his day, Mr. Williams when on a journey, attacked by his last dangerous illness, wrote thus to his wife:—'If it be the Divine will I would gladly return to my native place, either to recover strength or to die; but if it please Him who said, "Take Aaron up to Mount Hor, and he shall be gathered to his people, and die there," to say, Let Joseph Williams die on the road, or at Windsor, or at Oxford, I desire to say in every case, Father, not my will but thine be done.' In the circle to which Mrs. Housman's Diary introduces us, there were others remarkable for their piety and learning. There was good old Mr. Spilsbury, a worthy successor of Baxter, in the town of Kidderminster, 'whose graceful and familiar address from the pulpit, and wise and prudent conduct out of it, gave him so much weight and influence, and in whose house, while he was preaching in the chapel, many of the clergy of the neighbourhood were meeting their bishop (Hall, of Pembroke College, the uncle of Mr. Spilsbury).' And then there was Mr. Bradshaw, son-in-law and

successor to Mr. Spilsbury, of whom Joseph Williams says, 'He was a most excellent preacher. I have great reason to bless God for his ministrations, which I scruple not to say have been more profitable to my soul than any other that I ever sat under, in the general.' And then, taking down his lyre, he sang a dirge over the grave of his deceased minister, of which this is one stanza:—

'Have not our souls with rapture burned,
Our hearts with ardour glowed,
When ravished with a Saviour's love,
A Saviour's wounds he showed?'

And then there was the seraphic Mrs. Rowe, at whose instigation the Diary of Mrs. Housman was published, and who tells us 'that her father, when dying, would often feel his pulse, complain that it was still regular, and smile at every symptom of death.' This gifted lady, who at twenty-two, as Philomela, published a volume of poems, and had, before she was twenty, at the request of Bishop Kenn, written her paraphrase of the thirty-eighth chapter of Job, having refused the addresses of the poet Prior, and after that of the pious Dr. Watts, formed an alliance with another gifted gentleman, who died at twenty-eight years of age, after a brief but most happy union. Long will her memory be perpetuated, not so much by her 'Friendship in Death,' and 'Letters Moral and Entertaining,' and her 'History of Joseph,' as by her 'Devout Exercises of the Heart,' which one should 'feel rather than criticise,' by her benevolent practice of devoting

half her yearly income to charitable uses, and by her rapturous devotion, which found a fitting climax in those ecstatic utterances, when near her end, which show so clearly that the dread of death was extinguished by the great Deliverer, and that 'from the contemplation of the atonement and mediation of Christ, she derived such confidence and satisfaction, that she said with tears of joy, "I know not that I ever felt the like in all my life." '

SECTION II.

THE volume containing Mrs. Housman's memoirs, after a prefatory recommendation by Richard Rawlin, Thomas Hall, and Joseph Stennett, three ministers of that day, opens with an address to the relations and friends, by Richard Pearsall, the brother, who edits the volume. His object in so doing is thus stated in the sixth page:—'The design of this attempt, then, is not that of the Athenians (Acts xviii. 12), to spend the editor's and readers' time in telling and hearing some new thing; but that the church of God may have one more added to that cloud of witnesses which have gone before, that religion is a reality; that this vital religion powerfully influences the heart and life of the genuine Christian, and that it yields living comforts in various afflictions, and at length in dying agonies.'

After the introductory address of some twenty pages, we come to the 'Diary,' which is arranged

under various titles, in twenty-one chapters, extending to one hundred and forty-four pages. So interesting is the work in itself, so fair and lovely a picture does it present of the hidden life of a true Christian; so bright an illustration does it furnish of a 'pilgrim's progress' to glory; so affecting and instructive a view of the close communings of a soul with its Maker and Redeemer, and of its ardent aspirings after perfect purity and complete assimilation to the All-perfect One—that to those who value the spiritual above the sensible, and the eternal above the temporal, and who are, however humbly, endeavouring to make this life an earnest and a blessed preparation for the life to come, it must be appreciated as of sterling worth. As the work is still in print, and may be obtained by those anxious to possess themselves of it, it is not necessary to reproduce many of its pages here; but inasmuch as it is little known, it may be useful to quote a few passages, to exhibit the truths that made so deep an impression on the mind of Mrs. Trotter as to lead to her 'awakening' to the spiritual life.

In taking up the little volume, in order to discover its distinguishing features and most sterling qualities, I proposed to myself certain questions, to which I here sought an answer. Remembering the words of the apostle, that 'the Gospel is the power of God unto salvation,' and that we obtain 'peace by the blood of his cross,' I went to the examination with this conviction, that whatever other influences

the blessed Spirit of God has employed to arouse, awaken, or interest, it has been by the Gospel in its special sense, as the doctrine of Christ's atonement, that the soul has been attracted and won to God. Hence I said to myself, we have reason to expect that the great central truth in Mrs. Housman's Diary is the doctrine of 'the cross,' and that it is so distinctly brought out in her pages that the attentive reader cannot miss being struck by it. In the narrative of Mrs. Trotter's early life, I have quoted one or two passages that breathe of this truth, but they are very numerous in the little work, like a silver thread running through and linking its various paragraphs together.

At the beginning of a year (1729) Mrs. Housman thus writes:—'O my soul, how is it with thee? Hast thou made sure work for eternity? I charge thee, turn in and enquire what change thou hast experienced. Thou art by nature a child of wrath even as others; *it is Jesus that delivers thee from the wrath to come.* Hast thou, O my soul, out of a sense of thy sin and misery, and despairing of help in any other, fled to and laid hold of Christ Jesus, as the only city of refuge, and accepted him as Lord and Saviour, and given up thyself cheerfully, heartily, and entirely to be the Lord's—*resolving to abide by his merits,* and trust to his mercy—rejoicing in the provision he hath made for sinners?'

Again, 'I would lament the sins of the last year, and beg pardon for Jesus' sake. *I fly to the rich*

atonement of thy Son's blood, and lay this guilty soul at thy feet, crying, God be merciful to me a sinner!

'I am thinking of the *very core of the Gospel*,' said Dr. Macall on his deathbed; 'I cannot now trouble myself with its envelopments.' And what is that core? Simply this:—'This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.'

'*I am a mass of corruption, but I revel in the atonement*,' were the memorable words of the dying Dr. Gordon, of Hull. And this is the true apostolic doctrine:—'God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.'

SECTION III.

AGAIN I thought how all the servants of God are distinguished by their aspirations after a divine and more exalted enjoyment of his presence. In some these aspirations are more fervent and deep than in others. Many there are who cannot be satisfied with limited measures of spiritual delight. While there are some who seem like 'babes,' seldom getting beyond the simplest elements, the mere 'milk of the word,' there are others whose capacity is greater and larger, and who are panting after more enlarged communications of the Divine fulness—ever upward and onward towards the full proportioned stature of perfect humanity in Christ Jesus. 'Twas thus with Moses when he said, 'I beseech thee, show me thy glory.' 'Twas thus with David when he said, 'Whom have I in heaven but thee, and there is none upon the earth that I desire besides thee.' Or again, when in the anguish of desertion and distress

he said, 'As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God.' 'Twas so with the great apostle when he said, 'This one thing I do, forgetting those things that are behind, I reach forth unto those that are before: if that I may grasp that for which I have been rescued by Christ Jesus.' It has been thus with a multitude that no man can number, of all countries and all times, who, like John Howe and Flavel, have bathed their lofty souls in the ocean of the divine perfections; or like Fletcher, of Madely, have adored the divine love and purity with the profound rapture of the cherubim; or like the fervent Mrs. Rowe, have burned with the ardour of the seraphs who stand before the throne. Akin to such was the pious Mrs. Housman. Here are some of the outpourings of her soul. 'It grieves me that I cannot make more returns. I cannot love Christ as he hath loved me; but yet I would love him as much as ever creature loved him. I am, I find, never so well pleased with myself, as when I find myself in a gracious, loving frame; *and I long to love him perfectly, without interruption and without intermission.*' Another time the writer says, 'As a bird in the air, as the fish in the water, is in its element, so is my soul when with its God.' Again she says, 'Come life, come death, come what will, I have heartily chosen the Lord to be my portion, and he shall be my all, both here and for ever. Another time she writes, 'Blessed be his name that he hath made me to taste a real ex-

cellency in religion, so as to prefer an hour's communion with God before all the riches, honours, and pleasures of this world. *Let others take the world, and delight themselves in the enjoyment of it; for my part I will never take up with it. No,* A GOD FOR ME; *a Christ for me, holiness and heaven for me!*' Once more she says, 'I would not take up with the world for my portion. *No! a God for me!* O Lord, thou knowest this is my most free, cheerful, deliberate, delightful, resolved choice. Let others take the riches, the honours, the pleasures of this world. Lord, give me the riches of thy grace, the treasure of thy love, the honour of being thy child, and the pleasure of communion with thee, and I have enough. O! if the little discoveries thou art pleased to make of thyself to my soul, now my capacities are so straightened, are so sweet, how sweet will it be, when thou shalt enlarge my soul to receive all that thou wilt give, and my soul shall be filled as full of thy glory as it can hold!'

Again I turned to the pages of the old book, with the conviction that as true religion is a living principle, running through, suggesting, and sustaining the daily duties and experiences of life, so I should find in Mrs. Housman's memoir proofs of the presence and influence of this blessed principle colouring the stream of circumstances, and imparting a significance to events and acts otherwise trivial, mellowing the dazzling sunshine of prosperity, and opening up vistas through the darkest clouds of

adversity, and, in a word, investing life with that profound air of reality which it should wear to all those who view it as a pathway and portal to a nobler and more blessed state of being. Here is the result of my examination.

It is an autumn evening in the year 1711, and in a quiet street, in the quiet old town of Kidderminster, this Christian woman retires to her room, and devotes an hour or more to self-examination. She tests her varied Christian graces; she calls each to account, and passes a just verdict upon her spiritual state. Here is part of the written record of that transaction in the supreme court of conscience. 'I have also made some enquiry into my *love* to my Lord. . . . I hope He hath the supremacy of my love. I *can* say with the Psalmist, "Whom have I in heaven but thee!" I hope I can find that Christ is precious beyond comparison or competition; that I "count all things but loss, for the excellency of Christ Jesus my Lord."'

Four years have rolled away and she gives her heart to one whom she believes to be in every respect a suitable companion for life. 'I have oft spread the case before God; begging he would choose the person *who*, the time *when*, the manner *how*, the place *where*. . . . I have been often saying, "If thou go not with me, carry me not hence!" and dost thou say, "certainly I will be with thee?" It is enough, I desire no more.' There is

much of philosophy and religion too, as well as poetry, in the lines of Tupper:—

'If thou art to have a wife of thy youth, she must be now living upon the earth:
Therefore think of her, pray for her weal; yea, though thou hast not seen her.'

Mrs. Housman did not regret adopting this course, but would attribute much of her long continued domestic bliss to such a habit of acknowledging God in all her ways.

Her beloved and only son is snatched away. Her heart is well nigh rent asunder. But she knows her refuge. '*Sensible* I would be, but not dejected, and *by no means sullen*; that would put more bitterness into my cup. . . . I would humbly hope that my desire hath been and still is *with Aaron, to hold my peace.* . . . It hath been my constant prayer to my heavenly Father, that he would give us a name better than that of sons and daughters, and make up all in himself.'

Another time she is herself suddenly attacked by dangerous disease. She thanks God for afflictions; 'they do me—I know not how much good. I would not be without them for the crown of England, supposing my need of them the same that now it is. Let others bless themselves in their continued growing prosperity; blessed be God for seasonable, sanctified afflictions, saith my soul.'

A series of bereavements is recorded; a brother dies; two young people are borne to the tomb; her

minister is translated to his rest; her father sinks in death, her brother soon follows. Stroke follows stroke. Here are some of her reflections:—

'It is an interest in Christ only that can make me to die safely, and my knowledge of it that can make it comfortable.'

'O that I may now converse more with our glorified friends; thrice happy they that are in the presence chamber of the Lamb, that are in the clear vision and full fruition of their dearest Lord!'

Another time intelligence comes of dreadful and destructive fires in distant places. Her sympathies are excited even where her help cannot avail. She enters her chamber and makes this entry in her diary:—'Here is a plain discovery of the uncertainty of the world and its best enjoyments. Some in these places worth £1000 or £2000 in the morning, yet before night deprived of all, had not an habitation, nor a morsel of bread. Let it be thy case, O my soul to make sure of something better, something of a more durable nature. Happy they and only they that are so wise as to lay up their treasure in heaven, where neither moth nor rust can corrupt, nor thieves steal, nor flames consume.'

SECTION IV.

AGAIN, it is the month of February, 1729. Her thankful spirit crystalises its gratitude in these sentences :—'It is a cold and sharp season. Blessed be God for the coal mines, as well as the gold and silver mines. . . . I confess I want nothing so much as a thankful heart and improving spirit. I charge thee, O my soul! not to rest satisfied in the enjoyment of temporal mercies, but make sure of greater—no less than an interest in the promises, and a title to glory.'

Again, it is late in the autumn of 1731, and not the best weather or safest season for a journey from Kidderminster to London and back. The roads are somewhat miry, and traverse many heaths and commons, now enclosed and cultivated, but then the haunts of Turpin-like banditti. We may imagine the feelings of the affectionate wife as she makes this entry in her wonted journal :—'Oct. 9, 1731—

Through the mercy of God, my dear spouse is returned safe from London. Many dangers he hath escaped which have overtaken others; to God be all the praise. He was seized with illness when there, but through mercy it was taken off. His horse fell under him as he was coming out of London, but through mercy no hurt at all. He might have been laid up there with a broken bone, but all his bones praise our great and kind Preserver. He escaped the hands of violent, wicked men, when others that lodged in the same inn the same night he did, fell into their hands, and were robbed and abused. How good is it to pray to God and to put ourselves under his care.'

Another time her life is imperilled, and her nervous system somewhat shaken; but she soon recovers her self-possession, retires to her chamber, and makes this entry:—'This day, as I was riding, my horse threw me, when upon the full gallop. . . As soon as I was down the horse ran with the greatest fury, that if I had not been loosed from him, he certainly would have killed me instantly. But, O my soul! stand still, and admire at the salvation of the Lord. Through divine goodness, no hurt considerable, one arm a little disordered and painful. How good is God! I would look upon myself as under fresh and strong obligations to love and serve Him at another rate than yet I have done. I make a fresh surrender of myself to God—the God of my life and of all my mercies.'

And now a more alarming and awful calamity threatens, of which only those who, like this good woman, have been aroused at the midnight hour by the snapping and crackling of the raging flames around them, can understand the horrors. Two days after this Mrs. Housman retires to review and record the deliverance she has experienced.

Her entry is as follows:—'October 29, 1731. I have an awful providence to record; which I would, the Lord assisting me, observe and improve to his glory, and my own (and others that are most nearly concerned) spiritual advantage. But, O! I want words to express our danger, it was so great, and God's seasonable appearance in our time of need.

'Upon Wednesday morning (Oct. 27.) at one o'clock, a fire was discovered in our dwelling-house. It pleased the infinitely good God to awake me at that time. I knew not what hour it was, nor what I heard; and had not the least apprehension of fire or danger. I heard for some time a great snapping and crackling but knew not what to make of it. I awoke my dear spouse, he raised himself up in his bed, and presently said it was *fire*. He got up instantly, and ran soon after and found a dreadful fire burning in the kitchen chamber. One barrel of dry fustick* quite burned down to a great, red, hot glow, which had set another barrel of dye-stuff all in a flame, and the wall of my closet, which was

* A wood from America, from which the most durable of all the yellow dyes is made. The Indians make their bows of this wood.

enclosed out of that chamber, on fire also. Two posts were on fire, and the laths were snapping in a dreadful manner. This fire had been burning four hours, and was very near kindling in the roof of the house; in all appearance it would have done so in a quarter of an hour. But our gracious God that never slumbers nor sleeps, awaked me, and brought us to see our danger; gave my spouse courage and conduct to exert himself. He fetched water, and in a little time extinguished it. To God alone be the praise. We might have lost our habitation, a great part of our substance, and lives too, which were in imminent danger. We have forfeited them into the hands of his justice, and he seemed to arrest them; but mercy most kindly interposed, and said to the proud devouring flames, "Hitherto ye have gone, but no farther." Accept our tribute of praise. We are preparing songs of praise. We have desired our ministers, and relations, and Christian friends, to come and help us to love and bless the Lord. Lord help us to do it in sincerity, humility, and enlargedness of heart. But why did not the flames prevail and devour? O the tender compassions of a gracious God! Judgment is his strange work! Methinks the voice of Divine goodness has been, "How shall I give thee up, poor family! My heart is turned within me, my repentings are kindled together." But yet for my own encouragement, I would humbly hope the poor prayers and services

performed in this place, have a vein of sincerity running through them, though mixed with many failings, and that, through a dear Redeemer, a gracious God will accept them and be merciful.'

Who does not admire and almost envy the humility, gratitude, and spiritual fervour of this good woman, who in the overflowing expressions of her thankful heart, sees God in all things and all things in God; who loves to believe that it was her Father in heaven that 'awoke her'—that said to the 'proud flames—No farther;' and that drew encouragement to trust him, and to persevere in the 'poor prayers and services performed in that place.' I am persuaded there are many who, having escaped similar dangers, can enter into and justify, from their own abounding gratitude, the most ardent expressions this excellent lady employs.

It much afflicted Mrs. Housman to see the low state of religion in the nation, and in some of the churches of her day. She made it a matter of earnest prayer. She weighed it well for a time and then ventured by means of a large number of letters penned by her own hand, to propose to her circle of friends and ministers, that an hour should be set apart for prayer once a week, 'upon the account of these sinful nations, and the sad symptoms that are to be found at this day among us.' She received many encouraging answers, and found her suggestions adopted by several ministers and private Christians, who agreed to entreat the Lord of the

harvest to thrust forth labourers into the harvest, and to stir up the churches to greater energy and life, and to rouse this nation to concern respecting spiritual things.

And who shall deny that God heard and answered their prayer! Yea, who can deny that while they were yet praying, God heard them? for soon after, a group of young men, at Oxford, were beginning to feel the power of God leading their own souls to rest on his Son Jesus, and impelling them to resolve to know nothing among their fellow countrymen, 'save Jesus and him crucified.' Who that believes in the power of prayer, and that reads of Cornelius praying for a messenger of Christ to appear, and of Peter's then being prepared by a vision to be God's answer to that prayer, can doubt that the earnest effective prayers of these pious souls, in the midland and western counties, were a preceding link in the chain of events by which Whitefield and Wesley were led to travel and toil, pray and preach, through the length and breadth of this country, and commence a spiritual movement, the impulse and results of which will not cease, but will go on increasing, till, it may be, it pour itself into the stream of that 'new and most mighty dispensation,' without which, as many master-minds of the past and present believe, 'Christianity can never reform the world.'

Many other instances might be furnished from the diary of this eminent Christian lady, to show the prevailing spirituality of her mind, and how she

brought the great principles of her religion to bear on the events, trivial or important, of every-day life. But time and space forbid further quotation on this subject. Enough, surely, has been given, to show that the religion of Jesus, in its most spiritual and earnest form, is a practical thing, moulding the principles of action, and clothing itself in a pure, peaceful, and benevolent life.

SECTION V.

HAVING discovered from the Diary the grand secret of Mrs. Housman's peaceful piety—her faith in Jesus crucified; having witnessed her lofty aspirations after the fulness of the Divine perfections; and having seen manifold proofs of the purifying and peace-giving influence of her faith upon her daily experience and practice, I turned once more to the pages of the old book to trace the progress of this pilgrim to glory—to catch her last utterances as she passed through the dark valley of the shadow of death, and to hear her raptures as she waded the cold waters of Jordan, and gained an abundant entrance into the goodly land of Canaan.

I knew that it is not a privilege given to all Christians to enjoy rapture in the hour of nature's decay, and to be able to bear exulting testimony to the power of those principles upon which they have risked the salvation of their souls. But I remem-

bered how few are the cases in which a true Christian does not enjoy peace in his dying moments, and that, where the faculties are preserved and disease does not so affect the system as to preclude the possibility of connected or calm mental effort—as a rule there will be this peaceful meeting of the last enemy. Accordingly, I was prepared to meet with many such passages as the following in the Memoir of Mrs. Housman:—

'If death should now come armed with all his terrors, I am not afraid of it. O! let all know that I am not afraid of death; but the pains of dying may be terrible. Peace! I know not yet what that will be.' When any were weeping and mourning over her she would say, 'Weep not for me; it is the will of God, therefore be content; it is the will of God. If it may be for his honour and glory, he will spare me a little longer; if not, I am wholly resigned to the will of God.'

Mr. Whitefield once remarked to Mrs. Housman's brother-in-law, Joseph Williams, of Kidderminster, that Christians who had enjoyed God by bearing many testimonies for him during life, were not required or always permitted to do so in death. He said it was the 'dumb Christians who had spoken little for God, that were compelled to speak out for him on their death-beds.' Now, without stating that such is a common mode of the Divine procedure, it was verified to some extent in the case of Whitefield, and of Joseph Williams too; but in the experiences

of a great cloud of witnesses, it has been far otherwise; and it is perfectly reasonable that those who have enjoyed most of the presence of God in life, who have experienced most of his faithfulness and love—who, by long habit, have grown into sympathy and have learned to delight themselves in God—it is perfectly reasonable and right that such should be able to speak most emphatically of his goodness in death, and that, having found his love their solace here, they should find their peace growing to rapture as they realize the near prospect of their dwelling at his right hand, where there are pleasures for evermore. And the truths they believe fully warrant them not only to meet death with composure—its sting being gone—but to encounter the last enemy with the air of a conqueror, uttering the tones of bold defiance, and shouting the songs of victory. Among a thousand instances, Mrs. Housman's case is not the least striking and satisfactory. Here are some of her utterances.

She would often say, 'Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly: why are thy chariot wheels so long in coming! why tarry the wheels of thy chariot! O, blessed convoy! O come and fetch my soul, to dwell with God and Christ and perfect spirits for ever and ever. When I get to that blessed society above, my pleasures will never end. O the glory! O the glory that shall be set on the head of faith and love! I long for the glorious convoy. Come, blessed Saviour, come and fetch my soul to glory. Come, Lord

Jesus; come quickly, come quickly; why art thou so long! I long to be with Christ, and hope in a little while I shall be with him where he is, to behold his face in righteousness; then shall I be satisfied when I awake in thy likeness.'

Again it is said:—

'She had such strong and eager longings to be gone, that she would often say, and say it with great earnestness, "Come, Lord Jesus, come, for I long to be gone from the footstool to the throne, where there will be no more death, nor sorrow, nor crying, nor any more pain. O! how sweet will it be; it will be far better to depart, and be with Christ for ever, for ever! than remain in the present state of sin and sorrow. It is true, I love my husband, I love my child, I love them dearly, and I love life; but I can cheerfully die and leave them all, to go and be with Christ, because it will be far better. His arms are open to receive me and bid me welcome, welcome to heaven and all the glorious enjoyments thereof. O, I long to be gone—I long to be gone—to be with Christ, and never, never part more. Come, my dear Lord, I long to be dissolved. O why—O why are thy chariot wheels so long in coming! make no tarrying, O my God.'

And soon after the chariot wheels sounded nearer, and the long-wished for message arrived; and as she parted from earth, she, smiling, said, 'Farewell sin, farewell pains!' and so finished her course, and entered into the joy of her Lord.

Such is a brief account of the little work that was so valued and of so much use to Mrs. Trotter. Well might she treasure it up in her family; and well may her descendants prize it as a most precious heirloom, better than thousands of gold and silver. And as the ancient Egyptians embalmed the bodies of their deceased relations, and placed them upright in their homes, that, by often viewing them, they might be put in mind of their virtues, in order to a pious imitation, may it be so in regard to this excellent lady. May others, besides Mrs. Trotter, while viewing her noble graces, catch her spirit, and follow her who, through faith and patience, now inherits the promises!

PART V.

WORDS TO THE WISE;

OR,

CONCLUDING REFLECTIONS AND APPEALS.

* * * Wisdom;—
She is pure and full of light, crowning grey hairs with lustre,
And kindling the eye of youth with a fire not its own.
* * * * * * * * * *
Such, and so precious, are the words which the lips of Wisdom utter,
For these shall guide thee well, and guard thee on thy way;
And wanting all beside, with these shalt thou be rich;
Though all around be woe, these shall make thee happy;
Though all within be pain, these shall bring thee health;
Thy good shall grow into ripeness, thine evil wither and decay,
And Wisdom's words shall sweetly charm thy doubtful into virtues.

IN the preceding sketches we have had occasion to speak of some of the holiest and most famous men of a former day, and have had the religious life brought before us in its most earnest and impressive forms. And now, in drawing these sketches to a close, let us gather up a few great lessons adapted especially to the young men of the present day.

And first, from the above-mentioned sketches it has been shown most clearly *that the Christian has the best of it for both worlds.* I know that religion in her highest moods would resent such a mercenary mode of presenting the subject. She would delight rather to base her claims on the right, the true, and the good, than upon the profit-and-loss view of the question. She would appeal to our sense of duty, or our emotions of gratitude, or our sympathy with things lovely and of good report. She would urge her claims by the consideration, 'If there be any virtue and if there be any praise, think on these things.' Such are her highest modes of presenting her claims. And yet as men differ in intellectual

and moral appreciation—as they are swayed by a variety of motives, from the lowest regard to self-interest to the highest sympathy with the purity and blessedness of God—since human nature is a many-stringed instrument with a vast range of sympathies, from the lowest to the highest tones, so religion adapts itself to all, now striking the lowest and now drawing forth thrilling music from the highest susceptibilities and emotions of the soul. And thus we find a variety of motives presented in revelation; and without ever abjuring her high character or compromising her Divine mission, she becomes all things to all men, if by any means she may gain some. She has motives, confessedly the lowest in her scale, for the mere mercenary who enquires, 'Lord what shall we have?' To such she speaks of profit in this world and the world to come. She has motives for the purely selfish, appealing to their hopes and fears, warning them to flee from the wrath to come, and offering rewards a hundredfold for any sacrifices made now. She appeals to the ambitious, setting before them crowns of gold and a new name, and the splendour of those who shine as stars for ever and ever. But be it remembered, religion leads men captive by such lower motives that she may elevate them to a higher nature, adapted to those loftier and nobler considerations which she sets before the more advanced of the disciples, even as Jesus Christ spake to the people in parables, until they could bear a higher

style of instruction, saying ofttimes, 'I have other things to say but ye cannot bear them now.' She appeals to men's self-interest, until she schools them into sympathy with truth and goodness for their own sake. Nor is her high mission accomplished in any individual until leaving the low and hazy country of self-interest, in which he thinks only of gain or loss by religion, he climbs the steep mountain-heights of goodness, which, ever radiant with light and beauty, reveal to him scenes of loveliness, and a wide and sweeping range of upland country, whose ridges and peaks are ever bathed in the pure sunlight, and above which hang as a glorious canopy, those immeasurable depths of blue ether that emblem to us the infinity of the Divine perfections.

From such considerations as these, we can justify and approve the statements that the true Christian makes the best of both worlds, which is a mere paraphrase of that numerous class of passages of Scripture which represent 'Godliness as profitable to all things, having promise of the life that now is, and also of that which is to come.' It is true there are periods in the history of the Church of Christ, in which godliness has been attended by persecution, bonds and imprisonment, and there are cases of individual experience in which a man has suffered loss of every material worldly description, rather than make shipwreck of faith and a good conscience; in such cases he gains his life by losing it, and wins the heavenly prize, while the earthly fades from his

grasp; but in most times and in the general experience, the habits and character formed by religious faith are the very surest methods to competency, comfort, respectability, and success. At least, so few are the cases in which this is not the fact, that they form but those exceptions which are taken to establish the rule.

From the instances contained in the foregoing pages, it would be easy to show what gainers in all the essentials of happiness in this world, were the Christians whose experiences are there given. So far as this world is concerned, even were there no futurity, we should say, godliness is profitable unto all things. Take any of the ingredients, which as a recent writer has shown, are considered essential to making the best of this world, and you will find them present in the cases alluded to. Go into that family in Eastcheap, where the truths of vital religion and the law of love have full sway, and you shall see the advantages of piety. Or go into that humble Manse among the Fifeshire hills, and, amid more than ordinary domestic trials, you shall find peace and happiness, godliness with contentment, which is great gain. Or visit the quiet old town of Kidderminster, and enter the comfortable Christian dwelling of Mrs. Housman, and mark, year after year, the course of true piety, its orderly habits, its deep and flowing satisfactions, its secondary but abundant worldly advantages, and you shall be constrained to say, 'It is well with the righteous,' in

this world as in the world to come. And if this be the case, how complete and irresistible is the argument for immediate decision in the religious life. If it be true that the sincere Christian finds the most happiness in this world and in the next, then what an unreasonable part are those acting who are neglecting the great salvation, and leading anything but a Christian life. If it be true that the Christian who is seeking a better country, that is a heavenly, yet culls more of the flowers of bliss that lie in the path through this, the land of his pilgrimage, than those who seek nought but these flowers, with no better country beyond; then how can they claim the character of wise men who thus neglect their own interests, and in seeking the lesser advantage, lose not only that but the greater also? And with what irresistible power do the words of Jesus fall on the soul, 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you.'

Let us remark, *secondly*, that from the foregoing narratives it must appear to all, that *early decision is the best pledge of a useful and happy life.* We are creatures of habit. This is true of our physical, intellectual, and spiritual life. The health of the body, the vigour of the mind, the energy of the soul depend on certain habits. The great thing for us all is to look after our habits. The law of cause and effect is the law of habit. In man's little world, as in God's great world, the same

principle prevails. 'Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.' The harvest depends on the seed-time. Character is the aggregate of habits, just as habits are the results of acts. Here there is no mystery; the principle is acknowledged by all thinking minds. In education, in business, in every department of human life, character takes not only its hue, but receives its web and woof from habits, and habits are formed by repeated actions. This is as true in the religious life; for, as the apostle says, 'He that soweth to the flesh, shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the spirit, shall of the spirit reap life everlasting.' Religious character is not a thing of chance, or of caprice, or of causes over which man has no control. If it were, what would such words as these mean, 'Labour for the meat that endureth to eternal life.' 'Strive to enter in at the strait gate.' 'To him that *overcometh* will I give the crown of life.' 'He that *endureth* to the end, shall be saved.' If, therefore, in the religious life, as in other departments of human thought and action, character is made up of habits, and habits are the result of oft-repeated acts, how important that this fact should be taken into account, and made a principle of action with all, and especially with the young. It is acknowleged by all that habits are formed more easily in youth than in more mature age. They grow with our growth, and strengthen with our strength. Hence it is that before a man is twenty-five years of age

his habits are so fixed as to indicate and individualise his character. After twenty-five it is acknowledged that few are there who commence the religious life, and if any do so, it is with accumulated difficulties. Old habits of thinking, feeling, and acting, have to be wrenched off, and it is a very violence to our nature. But where from early youth the heart has been inclined to God—where sympathy with the spiritual world has been cherished—where a love for the Scriptures, a delight in communion with God, a habit of looking to Christ as an atoning Saviour, a perfect model, and a sympathising friend has been cultivated—where, in a word, the soul has looked not at things seen, but things unseen, as possessing in themselves the most vital elements of reality—there will be the most confirmed and the most blessed Christian character, there will be the highest form of the spiritual life.

How many illustrations of this principle might be gathered from the preceding pages. How many of those whose names have been often mentioned, were, like Timothy, early instructed, and early won to the service of Jesus; and as year after year passed away, they could testify that the religious life, with all its sorrows, became easier, and that 'her ways were ways of pleasantness, and all her paths were peace.' It was so with Dr. Trotter, who in the ardour of early manhood, consecrated himself to Christ, and spent nearly three parts of a century in his blessed service. It was so with Whitefield, who, being con-

verted while young, spent his days in turning many to righteousness, and now shines as the stars for ever and ever. It was so with a host of worthies described as lying in those catacombs of London, like Dr. Watts and Dr. Waugh, who were early drawn to the cross, and continued faithful unto death at an advanced age. It was so with that venerable blind preacher in Broad Street, who in the town of Hertford, while yet a youth, gave himself to Christ, and spent his days in proclaiming and defending the truth as it is in Jesus. It was so with Mrs. Trotter, who, while yet a girl, found out the pleasures of the Divine life, and left her testimony to the advantage of early decision. It was so with Mrs. Housman, who in her youthful diary, subscribed with her name to the Lord, and pledged herself to his service. It was so with the ardent and seraphic Mrs. Rowe, who seemed to crowd the devotion and the rapture of a long life-time into her short span of twenty-eight years. And how pre-eminently was it so with Philip Henry and his gifted family. And with what force could that devoted servant utter such a testimony as he did on his dying bed, 'that a life spent in the service of God is the happiest life on earth;' and how easily could its truth be illustrated from the cases of his son Matthew, and his daughters, Mrs. Savage, Mrs. Radford, and Mrs. Hulton. And to these might be added the testimony of a cloud of witnesses from all ages of the Church, whose blissful experience furnishes a strong ground of appeal to all young

people to decide early for Christ, that thus they may rejoice and be glad all their days.

We remark, *thirdly, that to be anything worth, a man's religion must be his life.* It must not be a thing of impulse, taken up under the pressure of some heavy trial or powerful excitement, subject while it lasts to all the ebbs and flows of fitful feelings, and to be laid aside, at length, when the pressure is gone, or it may become inconvenient, or distasteful. Nor must it be a matter of mere sentimentalism, indulged as long as its novelty or power to excite pleasurable emotions continues, and then laid aside as a tale that is told, exhausted of its interest and robbed of its power to excite or to charm. Nor must it be taken up as a matter of fashion, to be like others, or to gain a respectable position in society, or to please a certain party, or to promote mere worldly ends, or to gratify a mere sense of duty; but a man's religion, to be anything worth, must commend itself to the highest dictates of his reason, must take its origin from the felt necessities of his conscience, must give play to his noblest emotions, appeal to his deepest sympathies, provide a substantial realization of all his loftiest aspirations, and furnish an outlet and an exercise for his varied impulses and powers. In a word, his religion must be his life; one in its essential principle, but giving varied, free, full, and harmonious action to the multiform attributes and powers of his being.

And hence, his religion must be *thorough*. It must be *decided in its character*, consistent in its developments, earnest in its tone. It must not be a 'halting between two opinions,' but a full purpose of heart. It must not be a reed shaken by the wind, but a hardy plant, steadfast, immoveable, and abounding in fruit. It must be a decision, adopted after counting the cost, and in view of all the difficulties, struggles, and suffering it may involve, expressing itself in the words of the heroic apostle, 'None of these things move me: neither count I my life dear unto myself.' 'This one thing I do.' And it must be *consistent in its developments*. A man's disposition, temper of mind, words and deeds, the tenor of his whole life, must harmonise with his acknowledged master-principle — devotion to Jesus. He must habitually feel, and act as if he felt, that he cannot and will not serve two masters. He must crucify every feeling, desire, aim, that harmonises not with, nor arises out of his confessed dedication of himself to Christ. His great effort will be to present a just and complete embodiment of his faith and hope in Christ to the world around; he will strive to imprint the character of Jesus on his heart and life, and to be a living epistle of Christ, known and read of all men. And it must be *earnest in its tone*. Not lukewarm, *i.e.*, neither cold nor hot, but like that of John, as a burning and shining light, shining brighter and brighter unto the perfect day. It must not be the adoption of a creed, but the energy of a

life; not the admission of a set of doctrines, very clear but very cold, like a night in January, but the robing of the soul in a pure, peaceful, active, benevolent life, bright in the varied hues of goodness, genial as the balmy breath of spring, cheerful as summer sunshine, and fruitful as the richness of autumn. *Earnestness* should be its great characteristic. The Christian should possess the earnestness and concentration of the racer in the Olympic games, who brings under the body and renders it subservient to his fitness for the course, and when starting there, lays aside every weight, strains every muscle, runs with patience, and eagerly presses forward to the goal. His must be the heroism of the warrior who is faithful in all things to his general, and who counts victory dearer than life. His must be the self-denial and plodding earnestness of the adventurer who crosses oceans and continents, and toils amid many privations for the precious metal on which he has set his heart; so must the Christian seek for his prize as silver and search for it as gold. But so much the more must his energies be concentrated and his ardor inflamed, and his efforts steady and unbroken, as the prize sought is more precious, and the reward promised more enduring. 'They do it to obtain a corruptible crown, but we an incorruptible.'

4. *No principle but that of faith in Christ is adequate to the results here described.* And by faith in Christ I do not mean faith in Christ as an example

merely, or faith in Christ as a moral reformer, or faith in Christ as an heroic martyr to truth, or faith in Christ as anything and everything but what renders his religion truly distinctive and peculiarly appropriate and precious to the human family; but by faith in Christ, I mean faith in him as the embodiment and manifestation of the invisible God—as Immanuel, God with us—as the Mediator and Advocate of the human race—as the illustrious victim sacrificed for us, by whom we have redemption through his blood, even the remission of sins. This is the faith which the great apostle speaks of and glories in as the faith of the Son of God. If the Bible be anything worth, if its claims be at all admitted as a divine guide, then certainly the leading thought that pervades it—the initiative idea which gives form and fashion, coherence and force, is that expressed by the deep-thinking and devout apostle, 'Without shedding of blood there is no remission;' and that other idea which is involved as a necessary complement, 'The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin.' Refine away this great truth from the revelation of God, and you rob it of its distinctive feature, its super-excellent glory; it dwindles down into an unmeaning string of expressions without ideas, and symbols without realities, a body without a soul. And with infinite depth of signification can we say, as said Mary, after gazing into the empty sepulchre of her Master, 'They have taken away my Lord, and I know not

where they have laid him.' 'Ichabod, the glory is departed.'

And what can a religion without an *atonement*, without a *Mediator*, without *pardon*, effect for our race, or for any earnest individual? If there be no such thing as *guilt*, then what mean these convictions of conscience, these terrors of a judgment to come, this dread of death? If there be no sacrifice for sin, what mean those universal aspirations in the great bosom of humanity after a substitution, a sacrifice to bear away conscious guilt. If there be no need of pardon, no crime against the universal Ruler and Judge, why those penances and tortures which, in varied form, men of every age and clime have attempted to make! Ah me! deny the Bible if you will, refine its unmistakable declarations into airy nothings, give the lie to its most unequivocal and positive assertions; but you cannot deny the convictions of the human conscience, you cannot refine away its sense of guilt or its aspirations after pardon and purity, or give the lie to its universal, deep, throbbing attestations to the fact of man's accountability to God, and his heartfelt need of a sacrifice for his sins, and his intense desire to be at peace with his Maker, Ruler and Judge. The famishing children of men ask for bread—a substantial and satisfying provision; and you have the dishonesty, effrontery, and wickedness to give them a stone—a hard, cold, deceptive system of negations, cruel and tantalising to the famishing spirit that

craves it, and as frigid and repulsive as the cold heart that proffers it.

And what can your religion do for yourself or another, if it abjure the doctrine of Christ crucified? What can it do to remove the sense of guilt, if it tells of no Saviour whose blood cleanseth from all sin? All it can do is to deny or palliate or deride such convictions. Or it can refine and philosophise, until it explain away altogether the eternal distinctions between right and wrong. But what can your religion do for yourself and others, that denies the Mediation, and consequently the Divinity, of Jesus of Nazareth? All it can do is to give the lie to the most positive, clear and unequivocal statements of Scripture, and subvert all the ordinary laws of evidence and admitted principles of interpretation. Or it can set before you an abstraction in place of a Divine Person, and edify you with the babblings of a Pantheistic Principle in place of the Living and True God. Again, what would your religion do for yourself or another in seasons of sorrow, or times of persecution, or in the article of death? Here is the test. Men cannot be satisfied with abstractions at such a time; they need something solid, substantial, tangible to their faith, coming home to their sympathies, ready to their immediate use, and firm as the rock that defies an ocean's fury. But what can your refined abstractions do then? Can they assure of the sympathy of a loving heart that is touched with the feeling of our infirmities, having

himself suffered in like manner, yet without sin? Can they invite to a throbbing bosom on which all disciples can lean their weary faith, like the beloved apostle on Christ, 'on the same night on which he was betrayed?' Can they assure the departing spirit of a joyous reception in Paradise, and a home in the many mansions of a Father's house? Ah no! Then what are these abstractions worth? They are as the baseless fabric of a vision. They are as a delusive meteor, leading the poor traveller into danger and death. They are as a ship on a stormy sea, without pilot, chart, or rudder. They are as quicksands in the desert, beguiling by their appearance of solidity, but swallowing up the benighted wanderer in hopeless destruction. They are as a reed that pierces the hand that leans on it. They are as the apples of Sodom, fair and delusive to look on, but filled with ashes that suffocate and destroy. They are as whited sepulchres, with their exterior polished and seemly, but within full of dead men's bones. They are as the forbidden fruit, which the great enemy of man and God proffers as 'good for food, pleasant to the eyes, and to be desired to make one wise;' but whoso eateth of it discovers, alas! when too late, that he has swallowed wormwood and gall, and that in the end 'it bringeth forth death.'

What, then, is infidelity worth? What adaptation does it present to the manifold wants of man? What can it do for him in any of the crises of his history? What can it do for him in times of trial? Sceptics deride our faith. They stigmatise it as a

credulity or superstition. They sneer at the earnestness of Reformers, or Puritans, or consistent Christians. They despise such specimens of true and earnest piety as the preceding pages present, and call them proofs of weakness, delusion, or fanaticism. But we challenge them to furnish from their ranks men as firm to their convictions, as patient in suffering, as calm amid calamity, as cheerful in sorrow, as gentle and meek under provocation, as pure and benevolent in life, and as self-possessed and as rapturous in approaching dissolution. Let infidelity therefore mock at the saints, pity the heroes of our faith, or pretend to despise its martyrs—but where are *its* saints? who are *its* heroes? where are *its* martyrs? 'When was there ever, or when shall there ever be, a great sufferer for the infidel cause? How Voltaire and Rousseau cringed and crouched before the dangers to which they were exposed! How Hume himself would have shuffled, had he been called to answer for his "ideas and impressions of religion!" And suppose our modern sceptics subjected to "*a fiery trial*," we can conceive results rather ludicrous than calculated to confirm the common notions of their sincerity and enthusiasm. One would prove himself innocent by eating up in haste his most daring words; another by "quartering" the favourite child of his brain; a third by swearing an "*alibi*" for his senses while he had been engaged in such and such an obnoxious work; a fourth by withdrawing word after word of his statements till they were made to turn right round,

and to say at last the contrary of what they had seemed to say at first (like the famous garment of Scriblerus, originally of silk, but which by frequent darnings became at last of worsted, and yet remained metaphysically the same!); and a fifth, with "impudent face" and "brazen forehead refusing to be ashamed," by retorting the charge of infidelity upon his accusers, and attempting to show that HE had been nearer the wondrous sham—the "Great Carbuncle" than any Christian on earth. But would one of them, for their theories of the "everlasting yea and no," or the supremacy of moral law, or "the oversoul," or the "Church of the Saviour," submit to a month's privations? And how much less so, long sullen rains of fire, famine, and nakedness, to peril and sword, to banishment, to contumely more intolerable than death, or death itself in its ghastliest and least ideal forms? God forbid that such measures as these should ever be put in force against sceptics! But few can be blind, nevertheless, to the assurance of their own eyes and judgments, that were such measures applied either to infidels or to nominal Christians, there would now-a-days be bootikins with no legs within them, empty scaffolds, walls of fire containing nothing, and an infinitely greater number of retractations than of dying protests—many Cranmers signing their recanting deeds, but few burning in the flames the traitor hands which had signed them.' *

* 'Martyrs, Heroes and Bards of the Scottish Covenant.' Pp. 170, 171.

5. Ours then shall be the noble declaration of Paul, 'I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth.' Ours shall be his fearless determination—'God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.' Until infidelity on the one hand, or superstition on the other, can point to a better way we are content to clasp to our bosom the simple and most earnest form of the faith as it is in Jesus. We confess we are not ashamed to take our stand with the glorious company of the apostles, the goodly fellowship of the prophets, and the noble army of martyrs. We do not blush, except for our own unworthiness, to acknowledge sympathy with Abel and Elijah, Isaiah and David, John and Paul, Irenæus and Chrysostom, Luther and Farel, Howe and Newton, Robert Hall and Arnold, Foster and Chalmers. Proud are we to claim as brethren the suffering Church in the Catacombs at Rome, and the vast majority of the occupants of that sacred spot which in a previous page we have described as the Catacombs of London. We regard not distinctions of country or time, sect or colour, nation or class; but show us those who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity, and who look for redemption by his blood alone, and we clasp hands in warmest sympathy, and are not ashamed to call them brethren. We know that great names are no substitute for arguments, and that earnestness is a poor apology

for the absence of truth. But where we find truth—the truth of God—carrying its evidence of divinity in the sublimity of its own doctrines, and in its marvellous adaptations to the nature and wants of man, and its no less marvellous and blessed results on individuals and society; then we are glad of the sympathy and feel inspired by the earnestness of the great cloud of witnesses who have become renowned for their possession of the like precious faith. 'Thomas Carlyle has sent us to the grave of Cromwell and of the puritanic age to learn a lesson of earnestness, and of nothing more. He evidently despises the belief of his heroes, not only in its circumstantials, but in its essentials; in all but the tenacity and truth of its hold upon their minds. He might instead (as he has elsewhere) have sent us on a pilgrimage to Mecca, or even to Pandemonium, where the fiends are all in error, indeed, but all in red-hot, terrible earnest. But, on the contrary, while the Puritans and the Covenanters may be deemed mistaken in many minor matters, and in some points of importance too, they were right in their main principles. Faith cannot change its roots with each revolving age, nor Christianity be dependent upon its forms. Men sat at the feet of Moses till Christ came, and they are right in resolving to cling to Christ's word till a greater arrive—that is, *for ever.* Carlyle and Emerson (and a very Babel of modern sceptics beside) do away with Christ, and they present no substitute, nor hold out the hope of one

in sæcula sæculorum. Earnestness or enthusiasm without solid truth is but "foam cut off from the water"—brilliant, short-lived, and on the whole *false.*' But earnestness based on truth which has been admitted by reason, approved by conscience, embraced by faith, and which being therefore in harmony with the entire nature of the soul, is loved with all the affection of the heart, and is deemed dearer than father or mother, or one's own life also —earnestness such as this is in the highest degree rational, commendable, and apostolic; *for the merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold.* SHE IS MORE PRECIOUS THAN RUBIES; AND ALL THE THINGS THOU CANST DESIRE ARE NOT TO BE COMPARED UNTO HER.

6. But how shall this earnestness be obtained? Where shall this fire of holy zeal be enkindled? At what source can each individual Christian, and the whole church of Christ, procure it? It will not come by mere wishing for it. It comes not by the friction of human effort. And yet, without it, all effort is vain, all preaching is vain, and all use of the means and machinery of usefulness is vain. The Prophet Ezekiel has shown the secret and source of this spirit. '"Come, O Breath, and breathe upon these slain, that they may live." This is the one and the only source of our power. Without this, our wealth, influence, facilities, are ships of war and ammunition, without guns or men; our order, talent, truth, are men and guns, without

fire. We want in this age, above all wants, fire,—God's holy fire,—burning in the hearts of men, stirring their brains, impelling their emotions, thrilling in their tongues, glowing in their countenances, vibrating in their actions, expanding their intellectual powers more than can ever be done by the heats of genius, of argument, or of party; and fusing all their knowledge, logic, and rhetoric into a burning stream. Every accessory, every instrument of usefulness, the church of Christ has now in such a degree and of such excellence as were never known in any other age; and we want but a supreme and glorious baptism of fire to exhibit to the world such a spectacle as would raise ten thousand hallelujahs, to the glory of our King.'

'And now, adorable spirit, proceeding from the Father and the Son, descend upon all the churches, renew the Pentecost in this our age, and baptize thy people generally. O, baptize them yet again with tongues of fire! Crown this nineteenth century with a revival of "pure and undefiled religion," greater than that of the last century, greater than that of the first, greater than any "demonstration of the spirit" ever yet vouchsafed to men!' *

* *The Tongue of Fire*, by William Arthur, A.M.; to the churches of Christ, the book for the times.

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